

Autumn Literary Supplement

SATURDAY NIGHT

HAROLD F. SUTTON, *Literary Editor*

TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 12, 1929

DUMAS LIVED TO THE FULL

"THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS. ALEXANDRE DUMAS," by Herbert Gorman; Farrar and Rinehart, New York; Oxford University Press, Toronto; 466 pages; \$5.00.

MODERN biography occupies an interesting position half way between History and the Novel and that is why good biographers like Mr. Gorman are so rare. There are two ways of writing biography in 1929. One is to choose a subject about whom little is known and to fill in from the imagination the blanks left by history. This agreeable pastime is called "romancing" biography. The other—and this is Mr. Gorman's method—is to select a hero whose life is a bewildering kaleidoscope of experiences and emotions, in fact a life already "romanced" by Nature to the point where only an able and disciplined biographer like the author of the *Incredible Marquis* can make it credible.

Alexandre Dumas was a quadroon, a romantic circumstance which his biographer shrewdly seizes upon and uses as the leit-motif of his character study. Dumas' grandfather, Alexandre-Antoine Davy de la Pailleterie, like many another eighteenth century French officer went to Santo Domingo to try his luck as a planter: like many others, too, he called himself a marquis and doubtless so he might have been if his ancestors had paid Louis XIV. the registration fee for their titles of nobility. All he appears to have brought away from Santo Domingo when he returned to Paris in 1780 was an eighteen year old lad, Thomas-Alexandre, Dumas' father, whose mother was a negress. This Thomas-Alexandre was the man whose *panache* earned for him the sobriquet of the "Black Devil," the hero of the defence of Clausen bridge and who in twenty months rose from private to be the commander of one of the Republican armies. In 1794, General Dumas married the daughter of an inn-keeper at Villers-Cotteret where our Dumas was born in 1802. The brilliant career of General Dumas virtually ended with his imprisonment at Naples from 1799 to 1801 though he dragged on till 1806 when he died in great poverty. Impetuous, outspoken and popular, he had all the qualities which Bonaparte feared and detested so Bonaparte smashed his career and saw to it that his arrears of salary and pension were never paid.

Young Alexandre's boyhood was passed in sylvan Villers-Cotteret, a pleasant rabbiting and bird-catching sort of boyhood with a sketchy education under an old priest, *l'abbé Grégoire*. The boy lived through the exciting Hundred Days with trumpets and alarms, cavalry skirmishes on his door-step, whiskered Cossacks galloping, yelling and gunning through the village—all the picturesque Buffalo Bill side of war which went with the advent of gas bombs and trench feet. Alexandre went through the motions of learning to be a lawyer while Widow Dumas anxiously speculated about his future and eked out a living by selling tobacco. Then came Adolphe de Leuven trailing clouds of romance and Parisian bohemianism. Alexandre, now in the throes of his first love affair, slipped off to the capital for three hectic days in his employer's absence. Leuven introduced him to Talma, the great tragic actor, who laughingly placed his hand on the boy's forehead with the words: "Alexandre

By F. C. GREEN

Dumas, I baptise thee poet in the name of Shakespeare, Corneille and Schiller." Dazed, delirious with happiness Alexandre returned to Villers-Cotteret to face an angry employer, a sorrowing mother and dismissal. Nothing however mattered now for there was only one world, Paris and one profession, literature.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS

SO ONE Sunday morning saw him knocking at the doors of his father's old friends, a round of visits which taught him much about human nature. One man helped him, however, General Foy who procured him a clerkship in a government office. To Dumas who never had any money sense, this was affluence and he was naively puzzled because his mother did not immediately sell everything and join him. Villers-Cotteret would have gasped to see him now with his chromatic waistcoats, his long cane and his Byronic cape. He had also acquired a mistress and incidentally a baby, the future author of the *Dame aux Camélias*. The visit of the English players to Paris in 1827 was a triumph for them and a revelation to Dumas. The Romantic movement was gathering impetus and a new literature was being born. Dumas surrendered himself joyously to the spirit of recklessness and in his gigantic optimism saw himself as the French Shakespeare of the nineteenth century. With Leuven and a drunken play hack, Rousseau, he had

already scored a success with his *Chasse à l'Amour* at the Ambigu-Comique but now he was out for bigger game. The French national theatre, the Théâtre Français stood as the bulwark of classic tradition and here the decisive battle between the old order and the new was to be delivered. Its Royal Commissioner, Baron Taylor, however, was open-minded so one morning Dumas like a second Charlotte Corday burst into his bathroom brandishing, not a dagger, but the manuscript of *Christine*—an historical play in the new manner, that is to say, with few unities and lots of melodrama. Taylor had it read and accepted by the players but owing to press intrigue it was shelved in favour of another *Christine* written by the friend of some editor's mistress. Dumas was still learning about human nature.

For a moment he was cast down but his childlike negro optimism soon swept away the tears of mortification. Possibly, having had a fair number of mistresses he viewed the situation with understanding. Suddenly realising his shocking ignorance of history he turned to it and discovered a fresh world of romance. The result was his *Henry III. et sa Cour*, which he nervously read to a group of young Romantics in the studio of Nestor Roqueplan. That was an epic night and in the small hours of the morning the streets outside Roqueplan's house seethed with becloaked and swaggering young enthusiasts, swearing queer medieval oaths culled from Dumas' play. Mr. Gorman's description of its first performance is a delight. If you want to realise what Romanticism meant to the Paris of 1830 I know nothing more vivid in English than his chapter called *Taking the Bastille*.

THE Revolution of 1830 came with Dumas riding on the crest of the wave. He was not at heart a Revolutionary save in literature but wherever things were happening Alexandre had to be. Till the end he was like that, athirst for publicity, for colour and the beating of big drums. Properly his life should be written in headlines. So, during the stormy days of July we get the impression, not of one Dumas, but of several: leading ragged troops, slipping off to his rooms when things got nasty or sneaking

into the *Institut* to brag to Madame Chasserieu and drink chocolate or else, another D'Artagnan, galloping off to Soissons to extort unnecessary gunpowder at the pistol point—a queer mixture of natural bravery and acquired prudence.

Mademoiselle Mars, the haughty tragedy queen of the Théâtre Français despised the "nigger" and kept out his *Antony*, a Romantic drama which broke with tradition and dealt with the period 1830. Dumas cursed her roundly and gave it to the Porte Saint Martin where it was produced with great success. The ghastly cholera year of 1832, followed by the Republican riots brought illness and exile to the dramatist. He went to Switzerland, wrote for magazines and returned to Paris to find that Thiers the historian-politician had got *Antony* accepted by the Théâtre Français. Press opposition again proved too strong, however, and Thiers was overruled. Dumas departed for the south of France and Italy with a new mistress the callipygous actress, Ida Ferrier, but, though he was to write

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A TROUPER LOOKS BACK

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

"HARLEQUINADE: THE STORY OF MY LIFE," by Constance Collier; with an introduction by Noel Coward; The Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto; price \$1.50.

IN THE theatrical profession of America a distinction is made between "troupers," those who have been connected with the stage from infancy, and have known the theatre in all its rough and tumble phases; and those whose apprenticeship has been less rigorous—the type of actor who has drifted on the stage from dramatic schools and amateur circles.

From this fascinating volume many of us learn for the first time that the beautiful Constance Collier, who whatever her limitations as an actress is supreme in elegance, began life as a "trouper" and the child of troupers. In her tender years she endured many hardships until as a mere child, tall beyond her years, she dazzled London by her beauty in the chorus of "The Gaiety Girl." Shortly after her 23rd birthday she was transformed into a tragedy queen by the wizard touch of the late Sir Herbert Tree; and after her appearance as Pallas Athene in Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses" she was for a time proclaimed "the modern Rachel." She has met with many vicissitudes since and as she truly says the day of tragedy queens vanished with the war. She is to-day at the age of 50 pre-eminently what the French call a *haut comédienne*—one of the finest on the English speaking stage.

In her foreword Miss Collier makes apologies for her lack of literary experience—apologies absolutely unnecessary because she has written a book quite as fascinating as a good novel. The earlier chapters which relate the experiences of her childhood and youth, are indeed so candid and vivid and vivacious that few novels can equal them in human interest. One can imagine Charles Dickens reading these chapters had such a book appeared sixty or seventy years ago and lauding them to the skies in "Household Words."

Few characters of fiction are more exquisitely or completely portrayed than is the author's mother, in these pages. She had been a child actress in the company of Phelps at Sadler's Wells Theatre, and afterwards a "child wonder" with her brother, Harry Collier, a noted clown. By the time Constance came into the world her chief avocation was that of "second boy" in provincial productions of Christmas pantomime. Such odd jobs as she could pick up for herself and her child between whiles were with companies playing melodrama with "fit-ups" in the smaller towns of England. In such companies 30 shillings a week was a large salary and since engagements were intermittent, mother and child were often very near starvation. The story of how this mother, a tiny bright-eyed creature, physically in utter contrast to her daughter who is very tall,

contrived to make her hungry child and life an adventure, while her heart must have despaired, is infinitely touching.

THE Collier household was rather unfortunate in its males. Constance Collier's grandmother was a famous Portuguese dancer, Madame Leopoldina Collier, who brought one of the first ballets to London. Her husband, grandfather Collier, became a drunkard, dissipated his wife's earnings, and when her career as a danseuse was over she turned ballet instructor. But she was always poor and her children in early years were obliged to turn out and pick up a living in the only arena they knew, the theatre. Constance Collier's father, a strolling player named Hardie, of whom she speaks tenderly and from whom she derives her good looks, was also a drunkard in his younger days and seldom contributed to the support of his wife and child. His reclamation from the gutter occurred in a singular way when he dropped into an obscure church and by the simple sermon of the vicar was converted into a stern and sober religionist. But religion in his case seems to have been a new form of intoxicant because it did not turn him into a family provider. It was long before he forgave his daughter for refusing to bow to his will and became a hospital nurse.

At the age of fourteen Constance Collier, perchance, became the head and only support of the family. With the resolution she has never lacked, she bearded the great George Edwardes of the Gaiety Theatre and, imagining her to be three or four years older than she was, gave her a job. Her dark beauty was in contrast to the famous blond types of that abode of beautiful women and she soon became the rage. She received royalties for the sale of her photographs, and noted firms provided her with clothes for the sake of the advertisement. This was at the crux of the "gay nineties" in London, when young bloods thought nothing of sending jewels to lovely chorus girls and asking nothing in return. But it was an atmosphere of temptation and it was at this period of Constance's adolescent grandeur that the little mother proved a safe and tender guide. To-day the daughter wonders what became of the scores of exquisitely lovely girls in that theatre—all did not marry into the peerage though a good many of them did.

It took a good deal of resolution in a girl under 20, reared in dire poverty, who had had luxury thrust upon her, to give it all up for the sake of ambition. But that is what she did, and to keep herself and her parents worked as an artist's model until she got a foothold in serious drama. Her acting talent was not deemed considerable and her engagements were not important until Sir Herbert Tree, who always did the unexpected, decided to try her as Pallas Athene in "Ulysses," because she had classical features and the physique of a goddess. Though she made a rather lamentable showing at the first rehearsal, he coached and cajoled her into the semblance of an actress. The critics were ecstatic and her performance won for her hosts of influential friends. The great French actor Coquelin, who came over to see the performance, was fascinated by her and subsequently gave her lessons. Sidney Colvin, of the British Museum, the friend of Stevenson and many another literary man, undertook her education, —which up to this time had been of the meagrest description.

CONSTANCE COLLIER'S life indeed has been one of wonderful friendships and her memoirs throw a vivid and delightful light on many celebrities. Her intimate account of that remarkable man, Sir Herbert Tree, is the best I have read; and she was at one time engaged to be married to his brother, Max Beerbohm. Her story of Dan Leno's resolve to play Richard III. is one of the most graphic in the book. It is unnecessary to review her later stage career except to allude to her

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AS SHE LOOKS TODAY



Constance Collier as she looked in her first appearance at the Gaiety.

SUPREME WILL

BY A. R. RANDALL-JONES

"MRS. EDDY," by Edwin Franden Dakin; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; Copp Clark, Toronto; 553 pages; with frontispiece.

THIS book—"the story of a virginal mind," as its author arrestingly describes it—is going to raise ructions. That, at least, is a prediction on which one may safely venture without any pretension to posture either as a prophet or as the son of a prophet. Some people will read it with delight in its sensational matter, others with satiric and cynical amusement, others, again, with a sense of horror at something akin to the desecration of an altar. It will all depend on the viewpoint of the reader in respect of one of the most amazing careers and one of the most keenly-debated personalities of which contemporary history holds record.

It is likely that only in the United States could such a career as is described in this volume have been possible. For, in spite of all the facile gibes at that country's materialistic proclivities, its soil has always been singularly favorable to the cult of mysticism and emotionalism. Startling philosophies and unusual religions have long made of it their happy hunting-ground—they have found the land well prepared for their planting.

Yet Mary Baker Eddy's career must be reckoned as superlatively astounding even in a land that has been prolific in astounding careers. If ever any human being could be said to be *sui generis*, unique and unpatterned, surely she was that. Saint or charlatan, earthly archangel, or mental maniac, it is undeniable that she attained a notoriety both for herself and for the system she created, or, at any rate, promulgated, that resounded throughout the world. Even in the terms of material "dollar standard" achievement, her success was prodigious. Born in humble circumstances, unlettered and untutored all her life long (in the sense

that letters and tutoring are understood by people of more than the most mediocre kind of education), afflicted from very early days with grievous physical handicaps, penniless at fifty, she was a millionaire at eighty, and, on her death, just short of ninety years of age, the personal estate of which her will disposed amounted to something like \$3,000,000. That, at any rate, is an achievement, in a day when monetary standards loom large, that will excite awe and envy in breasts of not a few.

But, of course, there was much more to her life adventure than any mere piling up of dollars. The latter is a feat that has been performed before now, and will doubtless continue to be performed as long as mundane affairs are conducted in anything like their present shape, by people who have not made (and apparently have not essayed to make) any considerable headway in the recesses of the souls of their kind. It was in that sphere that Mrs. Eddy sought her rule. And the empire of that kind that she attained, while always relatively small in numbers, showed itself, with the exception always of a number whose faith, at different periods, grew cold—after all, there are rebels in every kingdom,—almost fanatically loyal.

We are told that the author spent almost three years of painstaking research in the compilation of his material. His quest for facts, to portray the high lights of Mrs. Eddy's remarkable story, has not been unavailing. For his volume contains a wealth of data which will add largely to the current knowledge of the originator of an idea which, whatever else may be said of it, was certainly one that has inspired thousands. Mr. Dakin has not sought either to write history or to create literature. He claims for his book merely that it tells the story of a remarkable and extraordinary life, a tale which few people have ever had

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LEARNING SEX FROM TENNYSON

By B. K. SANDWELL

EFFECTS follow their causes; but the distance at which they follow—the "lag"—is often pleasingly uncertain. The doctors can tell us fairly exactly how long it takes a given germ to set up a given disease in the human body. The philosophers cannot tell us with anything like the same exactitude how long it takes for a given idea to set up a given reaction in the body politic which is exposed to it.

Victorian literature disseminated among the English-speaking peoples certain ideas, notably on the subject of the relation of the sexes. When did those ideas reach their maximum influence upon the life of, let us say, the English-speaking peoples of North America? Victorian literature embodied and propagated a sentimental view of the nature of the sex impulses in "decent" persons, so one-sided and unreal that it may not unfairly be compared to a disease, and has had many of the effects of a disease. When did this disease reach its crisis in North America? Is there anything to be said for the theory that this particular disease, admittedly of Victorian incubation, went on slowly developing long after the close of the Victorian period proper, intensified throughout the early part of the twentieth century, and is even now at its climacteric?—that the sex life of the younger generation of the present day in the Northern United States and Canada is the direct but belated result of the inoculation of their ancestors by Charles Dickens, Matthew Arnold, John Ruskin and Alfred, Lord Tennyson?

The theory pleases me—partly, I fear, because it seems so well calculated to infuriate the persons chiefly concerned, the young generation who would so like to believe that they and their life are really the product of Aldous Huxley and Bertrand Russell and "Flaming Youth," but who cannot be anything of the kind because no idea ever propagates itself into life with such amazing speed. The theory pleases me, I say, and I therefore propose to toss it into the arena of debate and see what the younger generation will make of it. If it is a good theory it will survive anything that they can do to it.

The main structure of Victorian literature, as we now well know, was built upon certain marked and important reticences and compromises concerning a number of subjects, of which sex was one of the most prominent. (By Victorian literature I mean of course that part of the literature produced during the Victorian period which by Victorian and early post-Victorian selection gravitated to the surface, and took rank as the representative and significant writing of the age; there is in all ages a minority literature, which frequently comes to the top long afterwards, but has no contemporary importance or effect). Among the matters about which Victorian literature observed an almost perfect reticence was that of sexual desire, and the means by which it is excited and by which it is directed towards a particular object. Anybody who formed his views of life entirely from the English literature of 1850 to 1875 would necessarily conclude that sexual desire was a characteristic of the lower animals, from which all but the basest of human beings had almost wholly emancipated themselves; that it never existed in the female sex, except possibly as a result of abnormalities induced by an immoral life; that while it could be provoked in some men it never was so provoked except by immoral women; and that "love" between two normal and decent young persons was entirely a sentimental relationship, which if it did eventually find expression in the production of offspring did so only out of a sense of duty to the race, or of a separate and highly spiritual instinct for parenthood.

NOW this is a view which obviously could not be derived from the English literature of any previous period. It could not be derived from Fielding (it could not even be derived from Richardson, though a considerable part of it finds an obscure origin in him); it could not be derived from John Donne; it could not be derived from Shakespeare; it could not be derived from Chaucer. It could not, I think, be derived from any foreign, non-English,

literature of importance at any period, — though perhaps some exception should be made for German and some of the Northern European languages during the same period as the Victorian. It is, furthermore, a view which is not in conformity with the facts of nature. Science seems to assure us quite positively that sexual desire is natural to, and can be provoked in, human beings of both sexes; that there is in most young human beings, even in a perfectly normal, natural and "innocent" state, a strong instinct to seek to provoke it in selected members of the opposite sex; that this instinct is frequently unconscious and therefore subject to no conscious control; that it may be intensified by rivalry and other adventitious circumstances. The Eng-

And I propose to suggest several reasons for the rather surprising length of this "lag."

IN THE first place, the social institutions which had grown up in an earlier age under the influence of a more realistic view of sex continued to function long after the sentimental view had taken entire possession of literature. These institutions included a fairly rigorous segregation of the sexes in youth; a careful duennaship over their meetings; and on the male side at least a certain amount of parental instruction about sex which was likely to be reasonably realistic in character. All of these social institutions have largely disappeared in Northern North America (I exclude the Southern States,

torian view. There are, I admit, other possible correctives. It is possible to acquire a knowledge of modern psychological and physiological science, or of pre-Victorian English literature, or of French or German or Italian literature, or of the classics. But none of these are accessible to any but an infinitesimal part of the great North American public; and even those who do obtain access to them are heavily handicapped by the school-bred belief that the ideal man and woman of Victorian literature represent a proper standard for the real man and woman of 1930, so that their prophylactic value is almost nil. What percentage of the English-speaking population of Canada reads enough French before the age of 25 to acquire any knowledge of the French conception of sex? What percentage reads Shakespeare or Chaucer as authorities on human nature? What percentage reads Havelock Ellis at all? . . . Nay, what percentage reads anything? Is it not true that the extra-curricular mental pabulum of the vast majority of our young people is derived almost wholly from a cinema literature which, under a censorship imposed by the same classes as control our education, is more Victorian than anything of which the Victorian Era ever dreamed?

There is, I shall be told, an official instruction in sex, imparted by those very educationists whom I am accusing. Very true, and it is an instruction which deals wholly with physiology, and grasps shamefacedly at analogies with vegetable life, much as a naked man in a crowd might grasp at a straw hat. Save for this official sex instruction, modern youth is being brought up under a system of education which ignores precisely what the Victorians ignored, and under social institutions which carry that ignoring policy into practical life. The result is the most astounding combination of general ignorance and fragmentary sophistication that the world has ever seen—a combination which has made possible the tremendous success of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" among readers who think that its heroine is a pure young woman, and which has supplied Judge Lindsey's court with a long procession of illegitimate infants, the unexpected results of "over-enthusiastic petting-parties."

THE Victorians proper, who produced Victorian literature but did not act upon it (having been brought up better), knew perfectly well that sex is a high-tension force with which it is extremely dangerous to play unless you understand its behavior. But our young people are brought up (in school) to think that they are so highly civilized that there is no danger about it at all except in the red light district. In the United States they doubtless say to themselves that there cannot be any danger in it, because if there were, Congress would have abolished it, along with alcoholic drinks of more than one half of one per cent. of strength.

The Victorians not only insisted that nice people must not talk about sex; they created a literature in which nice people actually had no sex. This did the Victorians little harm, because they knew better, and knew that their literature was not, in this respect, a portrayal of life. But we have elevated their literature to a position to which they would never have dreamed of raising it, and have made it the chief source of information for our young people on the nature of modern life. All the changes in the structure of society in the last fifty years have been in a direction which would be proper only if the Victorian portrait were true. Lady Godiva and (with one exception) the male population of Coventry were persons of superhuman purity; but the young women who approximate to Lady Godiva's costume to-day, and the young men among whom they approximate, are just as human as the population of the Decameron, and the results are far more suggestive of Boezaecio than of Tennyson. Galahad moved about very freely in the ladies' quarters, and got into no trouble with their occupants; but he had supernatural parentage, and the average young Galahad of the modern univers-

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Drawn by Lois Lenski to illustrate "They Stooped to Folly" by Ellen Glasgow (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy, Toronto).

lish literature of the present day, which is based not upon the poetry of the Victorians but upon the science of the Georgians, is frank enough about these matters, and doubtless is having its effect upon that small fraction of the rising generation which reads it; but it is not the literature of the present day which formed the minds of the rising generation of the present day or the social conventions under which they have to develop.

Being contrary to the facts of life, and to the view of life presented by all other literatures, this particular Victorian view can only with considerable difficulty have got itself accepted as a basis for individual and social conduct. My suggestion is that it is only in the last thirty years that that acceptance has been at all complete; that the Victorian view of sex, already beginning to be outmoded in literature, began to be prevalent in actual life about the beginning of the twentieth century

for I understand that, partly for climatic reasons, the change has not progressed so far, and may never progress so far, in those regions). Segregation and the duenna are as extinct in the North as the gig and the crinoline. Sex instruction has been transferred from the parents, in whose hands it was a personal matter based upon experience, to the educationists (the same educationists who have set up the Romantic Revival and the Victorian Era as the most important objects of study in English literature), with whom it is a professional matter based on theories established quite a number of years ago. With the retirement of the parent from this important function there has disappeared, as it seems to me, the sole efficient corrective to the view of sex which the unfortunate student acquires in his educational institutions—which is mainly acquired through the study of Victorian literature, and which is therefore at the present moment a Vic-

WAR DOES THINGS TO PEOPLE

BY MARGARET ISABEL LAWRENCE

"THE WAVE," by Evelyn Scott; Cape-Smith-Nelson, Toronto; price \$2.50.

IT IS well to say that my first impression of "The Wave" was different from my second. I believe that my experience would be general if people would take the time to gather a second impression. And they would be compensated, as I was. It is a great book. It is also difficult. But that should not put readers off. It is almost a law among books, as well as people. Though it has come to pass with the increase of the pleasures we may know, that we want everything to be very easy to understand. This is, I may as well say, particularly true of those people, of whom I am one, who are writing for the press and making comments about what is happening among people or in books. We prefer events to be clear. We prefer books to be simple. It saves depreciation of the cells of the body, not to mention time. It gives us personally much more scope. This being acknowledged let me confess that my first instinct, which was unquestionably one of self-defense, was to write a small, philosophically inclined essay upon the artistic validity and the eternal appeal of simplicity. In fact I wrote it, and said gently that Evelyn Scott's book was too involved historically as well as psychologically to stand up to the times. Though I did not quote him to his credit, I had in mind Mauriois' tenet that biography in this age should not be encumbered with detail but should sparkle with ironical epigram and at the most provide an evening's amusement. I held that Evelyn Scott should have thought of this, and stated as my conviction in the matter that an author should remember the taste of her readers for ease. That is if she had any affection for receipts from her publisher.

Now I think that has happened to other reviewers. Some of them who know that the book has been heralded by eminent judges of literature are too abashed by eminence to put themselves in print as of an opinion that is contrary. So they put their own impressions behind them and send to their editors a review of the publisher's advertising copy. I know because I have read the same copy. It is unmistakable. Other reviewers, particularly those who have numbers of books to review, and in spite of it, do try to give an individual impression of a book, but nevertheless are influenced by all kinds of incidental things in making a judgment, as everyone is, have put themselves on courageous record as considering the book dull and heavy, pedantic and unartistic, as a too conscious effort of the author to be learned, and, finally, as being of no more interest to us to-day than a minute investigation of the emotion of stray individuals during the wars between Sparta and Athens would be. That is what I was going to do myself. Then



EVELYN SCOTT

I realized that I was protecting myself from the book.

I have gone to the trouble of writing down what may seem irrelevant and which certainly is postponing for a few moments the reviewing of the book because I feel sure that my experience is going to be a general experience among people who may be persuaded either by the eminent reviewers, or by the ladies of book shops to take "The Wave" home with them. With some genuine interest in the readers of books, and out of respect for literary achievement, I have taken this method which has its resemblance to the substantial old method of personal testimonial to suggest that "The Wave" should command a more serious consideration than a first subjective impression.

And what follows is the explanation.

IT IS the one book on war by a woman in a year that has been differentiated from other publishing years by the number and the missionary fervour of books upon war. It is not, however, to be grouped with these others. For it is about another war and it is not the personal experience of the author. It is about the American Civil War, but it is neither historical narrative

nor historical romance. It is like nothing else that has been written about the American Civil War, or any other war, in English. Broadly, it is a study of a people swept by a psychic force far beyond any control. By means of unrelated stories of varying lengths about persons of many social grades the author follows *the wave*, showing what it meant in these individual lives. The stories are prosaic, and after the manner of one modern school of fiction, the thoughts of the persons concerned are treated as being of more importance than anything else about them. I have heard it complained, and I complained myself, that like all books dealing with the flow of human consciousness it is slow reading. The flitting of the mind from topic to topic is only interesting to a psychologist, and probably only interesting to him as phenomena. The stories, however, are about the minds of people during the Civil War. You ought to know before you begin to read the constitutional issue that led to the fighting — the division of sovereign rights between state and federal government. It was a grave issue, and it is a world issue. Besides this there was the economic interests behind both the abolitionist of the north and the slave holders of the south. States' rights and

economic interests became involved with religious convictions about human slavery and with the profound instinct of the conservative people of the South against social experiment. Things were satisfactory as they were. Things as they are always seem worth war if they are threatened. The South would secede from the Union rather than make a social change which the economic and religious meddlers of the North were dictating at Washington. "The Wave" shows how the personal motive fitted into these involved emotions, or went contrary, and how the individual was helpless in either case and puzzled in the sorrow of it all. Evelyn Scott is not merciful in her psychological analysis. Not that she is morbid or cynical. She is just matter-of-fact like a scientist. You see the thoughts of distressed soldiers in the ranks, of scared prostitutes, and starving gentlewomen amazed at the frightfulness of life; of slaves contemptuous of freedom which meant making their own way and other slaves arrogant with new chances; of old mothers mourning their dead sons, and young mothers wondering how their little sons could grow up; of youths who were afraid of guns; of Lincoln doubting at night if the preservation of the American Union was worth this wholesale prolonged killing, and knowing by day that there was nothing else to be done in the face of rebellion, and feeling all the time that fate was using him against his own desire; of the Confederate General, Robert Lee, deciding it was folly to interfere with the evolution of things and that the future could go its own way for all of him; of the other General, U.S. Grant, baffled because there was so little satisfaction in victory; of the poor mad artistically frustrated actor, Booth, determining to achieve glory by the sacrifice of himself for the riddance of a tyrant.

In spite of its teeming personalities, or perhaps because of them the book is in effect tremendously impersonal. The people we see are like specimens in a case. Even the people we know like Lincoln. He is not the warm, sweet, great person of legend, but merely a part of a wave swept area of consciousness.

It is not what we like instinctively. Somehow, from habit, or from need, we turn to the simple intimate human story. We are well acquainted with the labyrinths of our own particular minds; and it is no pleasure to get into those of another; and it is painful to have to stay with those of a group of minds. That is what Evelyn Scott asks of her readers. And it may be what any number of writers in the future will ask of their readers. That they feel their way out from the personal to the group consciousness, and even after that to what mystics here and there have called the universal consciousness.

So you see "The Wave" provokes much speculation. I could go on, but this is enough to indicate its importance among the publications of the autumn.

DUMAS LIVED TO THE FULL

(Continued from Page 1)

many plays and successful ones, he instinctively realised that the old wild Romantic days were over. He was now thirty-eight and a polite but firm protest from his old friend, the due d'Orléans, opened his eyes to the fact that the moral atmosphere of Paris had changed and that it was no longer proper even for a spoilt darling like Dumas to bring his mistress to a public reception. So Alexandre with a sigh resigned himself to marriage with Ida Ferrier consoling himself with an almost royal ceremony.

In 1840 the vogue for the newspaper serial novel, the *roman feuilleton*, swept over France. Serious journals printed daily instalments of "shockers" by Sue and Soulié. Dumas, always in the movement, sailed into the fray with his *Three Musketeers* followed by *Monte Cristo* and *Twenty Years After*. Money flowed in and Dumas built his Château de Monte Cristo with its glad *J'aime qui m'aime* over the portals. Friends

and others wolfed his food and swilled down his wine, gaped at his dusky slaves from Tunis, his Arabian room, his carpets, lamps, horses and dogs. Meanwhile Dumas with his faithful Auguste Maquet, who dug up his material, slaved away at his serials. Abruptly, leaving behind him a trail of furious editors and unfinished stories he dashed off on a mission to Algeria for the Minister of Education. Blandly he reappeared to face a dozen lawsuits and to found the Théâtre Historique; for all this time the incredible man was writing plays as well as novels and articles. The revolution of 1848 brought down his theatre receipts and the new spirit of realism in letters killed the *roman feuilleton*. Dumas, bailiffs in full cry, sped off to Brussels in 1852 and began to write his memoirs attended by an optimistic secretary who tried to stem his master's extravagance whilst in Paris a clever little Jew, Hirshler, compounded with the creditors.

IN 1853, a beaming, jovial Dumas bobbed up in Paris to found a magazine, *Le Mousquetaire*, to which for some years everybody of note in Parisian letters contributed, but the cash-box was always empty. A few months in Russia reawakened Dumas' wanderlust and in 1860 he set out from Marseilles in his boat, the *Emma*, for Italy. At Turin he was affably received by Garibaldi. Another dash back to Paris to write more plays and once again Dumas, accompanied by a new mistress dressed as a midshipman, sailed from Marseilles to join Garibaldi in Sicily. This opera bouffe Italian venture loses nothing by Mr. Gorman's recital of it. Dumas stayed in Naples till 1867 when he returned to Paris and installed himself in the neighbourhood of Enghien with Fanny Gordoza, an ill-natured and jealous singer. He continued to grind out novels and opened another theatre to produce his plays but his star was waning. 1867, the year of the Great Exhibition, saw a brief re-

vival of Dumas' popularity. His *Antony* was resuscitated at the Cluny and all Paris chuckled over his latest affair, this time with Ada Menken, a much married American who did Lady Godiva turns in a thriller called *Les Pirates de la Savanne*. But Dumas' health began to give way. He struggled on desperately against poverty. Lectures, new plays, another paper, saw him through the next two years but in 1869 a kind of stupor numbed his active, restless brain. He died in December, 1870, at Puys, near Dieppe, mercifully out of earshot of the advancing thunder of Bismarck's cavalry.

The life of Alexandre Dumas was radiant with colour, alive with movement and humming with energy. The greatest praise which one can accord to Mr. Gorman is to say that he has written a book which does full justice to that life. If there is such a thing as a definitive biography of Dumas it is the *Incredibile Marquis*.

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Learning Sex From Tennyson

(Continued from Page 3)

sites has not, and it makes a difference. Contemporary literature of course has long since been in revolt against the Victorian illusion. True, as late as 1891 so progressive a person as Thomas Hardy still believed that in English fiction a heroine could only be seduced if she were asleep; but he got far beyond that point by 1895. As far back as 1892 Henley was pouring satire upon the illusion that the progress of the race meant the abandonment of the natural instincts of both sexes:

'As like the Woman as you can!—
(Thus the New Adam was beguiled)—
'So shall you touch the Perfect Man!—
(God in the Garden heard and
smiled). . . .

'Take for your mate no gallant croup,
'No girl all grace and natural will;
'To work her mission were to stoop,
'Maybe to lapse, from Well to Ill.

'Choose one of whom your grosser
make!—
(God in the Garden laughed out-
right)—

'The true refining touch may take,
'Till both attain to Life's last
height. . . .

'In mental Marriage still prevail!—
(God in the Garden hid His face)—
'Till you achieve that Female-Male
'In which shall culminate the race.'

And the protest has gone on gathering volume, until to-day the strength, importance, dignity and beauty of the physical desires of men and women are in no danger of being underestimated—in current writing. But school-children are not brought up on current writing, nor are social conventions greatly influenced by it.

I DO not think any generation of human beings, male or female, would choose for themselves or for their

progeny the long and perilous course of uninstructed and unsafeguarded experimentation in real life which constituted the sex education of contemporary youth between seventeen and twenty-seven. Experimentation in real life there must obviously be; but the amount of it can be greatly cut down by wiser social institutions, and the risks of it can be similarly cut down by education that has some relation to facts. What direction the education should take is clear enough, though it is not so clear how it should be imparted. The social institutions are a more difficult matter. The return of the duenna is hardly likely; but after all she was a mere mechanism. Her importance lay in the official recognition of the idea that the sex instincts of the young are not things which can wisely be left to work themselves out in unheeded privacy. That idea may return, and find official expression in some more modern form.

We have given to modern youth (not at the demand of modern youth, but on the impulsion of the sentimental side of Victorian literature) a large measure of freedom from everything except the consequences of his acts. That freedom we cannot give him. For a time he, and we, appeared to think that the consequences of his acts could be so mitigated by contraception and easy divorce that they would scarcely matter; but neither of these devices touches the spiritual consequences, which are the ones that matter most. Modern youth is beginning to discern that his freedom is illusory—that it is mainly a freedom to walk about uninsulated and unguided among a mass of live wires. He will eventually ask that the wires be somewhat tidied up, that the path he is to walk be signposted, and that he be given some instruction in recognising live wires from dead and in so handling them that the shock will not be serious.

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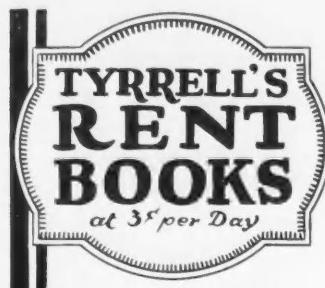
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Sure of Heaven

"JOHN D. A PORTRAIT IN OILS", By John K. Winkler. The Vanguard Press, New York, 256 pages.

By WILLIAM BANKS.

TO AN older generation John D. Rockefeller was a composite ogre and cannibal, and a hypocrite to boot. They pictured him, figuratively, going about with a Bible in one hand and a dagger in the other, ruthlessly slaying and devouring all competitors, quoting the while from Holy Writ in justification of his deeds. In those days John D. did not care the proverbial hoot about what other people thought of him, so long as there was no interference with the passion of his life—that of making money. Subsequently, with Theodore Roosevelt bossing the United States, the "trust busters" and "muck-rakers" had a long and joyous innings. Out of that period there emerged the Rockefeller of to-day, still pious, still supremely confident of a place in heaven, still amassing money, but giving it in millions for the establishment of research and other works and movements for the benefit of mankind.

Winkler has concentrated upon an attempt to show John D. as he was and is. He includes in his book only such portions of the story of the Standard Oil and its subsidiaries, with which the name of Rockefeller will ever be associated, as are necessary to his purpose. He begins with the quack medicine selling father, William A. Rockefeller, a jovial, yes, a roysterer fellow, who made mysterious journeys, was always in funds, got a great deal of pleasure out of life, and yet inculcated into John D. the lesson of making money earn money. He throws no real light on the place, time, and manner of William A.'s death, a secret which has long exercised United States periodicals and has been well maintained by John D. and his family.

Cleveland in 1855 gave John D., then a sixteen year old boy of good physique, his start in business life. The "No Help Wanted" sign was the most conspicuous thing about the doorways and windows of business houses then. John D. tramped the streets for some weeks before he landed a post as office boy and assistant clerk with a wholesale forwarding firm, owning dwellings, warehouses and office buildings, and shipping by rail, canal and lake. For his first fourteen weeks' work he was paid fifty dollars. Then his duties were enlarged, embracing those of assistant book-keeper. His salary was raised to \$25 a month out of which, his own story is, he boarded and clothed himself, gave regularly to church funds and saved some money. Later he became book-keeper, and his mastery of the multifarious business of the firm was astonishing. He was learning too more about the shipping end than the people he worked for ever knew. He was rapidly developing also the technique of negotiation. When he started work in Cleveland he joined a Baptist mission church, and became the unpaid clerk for its board of trustees. He has been a great churchman all his life. At this time he started a personal account book, still treasured by himself and family, and affectionately known as Ledger A.

"On occasion", says the author, "the Lord of Oil himself opens the yellowed little volume before the usually awed eyes of his grandchildren... The story Ledger A. tells is touching. But is it truthful?... His purpose is probably to demonstrate that only the righteous prosper. John D. firmly believes that he prospered because he was righteous. We may puzzle at times to make out clearly just how John D. reads his Bible. But many a farmer has plowed around stumps and taken off a very fair crop for his pains."

WHEN the American Civil War began John D. was 22 years of age and in the commission business as partner of a young Englishman, Maurice B. Clarke. The war was good for their business and John D. did not let any appeal inveigle him from looking after it and making money; let others fight who wanted to. When oil was struck in Pennsylvania he saw opportunity and jumped in. The partners bought a small oil refinery in Cleveland, taking over with it another Englishman,



JOHN D.

Samuel Andrews, who was also a mechanical genius. At 26 years of age John D. had bought Clarke out, much against the latter's wishes, and retained Andrews as being essential to him. With Rockefeller and Andrews going on from success to success in the oil business, Standard Oil had its beginnings.

By a series of bold purchases, inclusion in the company of men who commanded large amounts in money and credits, as well as control of railways, Rockefeller put himself in a position where he could aim at controlling the oil industry of the world and become the first billionaire. He attained both aims. His plans compelled the oil carrying railways to bow to his will in a succession of arrangements for rebates and other discriminations against Rockefellers rivals, that defied almost every law of every state in which the company operated, and make a mock of United States federal laws also. The story of the suits entered against the Standard, and its dissolution to become a number of separate companies, has been told in almost numberless volumes and periodical articles. John D.'s money was not all tied up in it; he had millions invested by this time in coal and iron mines and other industries. The separate organisations springing out of the big oil trust continued to bring millions to his coffers. But the struggles of the early years and those of the "trust busting" period induced digestive disorders so grave that he lost eyebrows, eye lashes, and hair, became almost mummylike in appearance, and for a while had to be fed on human milk. He fought his way back to health with the same systematic tenacity that had characterised his rise in business power.

Up to that time a flouter of public opinion, he set about the task of reducing feeling against himself. Above all he hoped that he "might not leave his dear children in heritage of hatred". The author says that "Grappling with this, the most serious problem of his life, John D.'s cool mind worked out a solution. Benevolence—bestowed under the same system and with the same wasteless shrewdness employed in his business. . . . The Benevolent Trust was managed just as the Malevolent Trust Had been". It is estimated that the Rockefeller Trust gifts aggregate almost \$800,000,000.

There is a short but comprehensive pen picture of John D. Junior, also reputed to be a millionaire, and administrator of the Trust. Also a nice reference to John D. III—Princeton 1929—who will administer the Rockefeller riches when Junior is ready to retire. But the picture that impresses most is that of John D. of today, a ninety year old man who spends most of his time in the favorite one of several residences. This is a mansion built to his own design and set in the midst of a 7,000 acre estate, north of Tarrytown, New York State. Here he always has favorite relatives or friends as guests, lives on a schedule avoiding at meals only those foods which common sense bars, playing a round of golf when weather permits and enjoying life immeasurably. His eyes still carry the cold fire of years gone by, confidence is a supreme characteristic. He is sure that he will live to be 100 years old and go to Heaven when he dies. His hobby of giving away shining new dimes and nickels has as a basis his idea of inculcating "the principles of saving and thrift and to establish warmer personal relations with his fellows". Just as he used to do when he made a good business deal or crushed out a rival, he does a little jig-like dance when he makes a reason-

able show in golf or a gain in a queer game of numbers which he likes to play in the evenings.

The New Italy

"MAKING THE FASCIST STATE," by Herbert W. Schneider; Oxford University Press, Toronto; 332 pages, including bibliography; \$5.00.

By C. R. FAY

THE believer in liberty rightly asks of the dictator: what next, and who next. For so often in the world's history original violence has driven the dictator into further violence which in the end overwhelms him. This was the fate of ancient tyrannies. And in those rare cases where the dictator himself does not relapse, the second question, who next, has hitherto been fatal. There was no successor to Cromwell. Napoleon was followed by a Bourbon once again. But we have no certitude that Mussolini will follow the way of dictators before him. History does not repeat itself blindly. Fascism, in origin a middle class revolt against socialist strikers, has not degenerated into a White Reaction; in the loyalty of Italy's millions there is none of the murderous drabness which makes us so sick of Soviet Russia. For Mussolini in his goal is on the side of the angels—embarrassingly so to the Pope's view—and the cause of this strange phenomenon seems to be two-fold. He is giving to his country her instinctive historical demands. The glory of ancient Rome; the mystic bonds of the medieval City State; the liberation of the Risorgimento. And at the same time he is feeling after a new political science. The functional state is a state in which the syndicate or corporation, organised for professional action, replaces the representation of the general will by geography and debate.

Mr. Schneider's scholarly volume sets this forth fully and dispassionately. He never breaks into praise or blame, even though his little ironies suggest where his sympathy lies. It is only rarely that he falls below the severe standard he has set himself; as, for example, when he says of the attempt to place fascism in the stream of idealist philosophy, "All this is, of course, mere afterthought. Nationalist syndicalism was born of the needs of the moment and its historical forefathers were discovered later" (151). Here, surely, the writer confuses occasion and cause. The emergency of post war Italy was the occasion, but the cause lay deep in Italy's history and mentality. "Historical forefathers" are usually "discovered later." For when a new thing appears in statecraft or art, even the creators cannot place it until it has happened fully and time has permitted the perspective to appear.

Fascism is something new. It is not just one revolution more. It is a protest against the barrenness of perverse revolution, the bourgeois revolution of 1789 and the industrial revolution in England; for these were a cloak for petty grab and the grand scale exploitation of capitalism. It is equally a protest against the abstract and speculative idealism of Germany. True idealism, says the fascist, is based not on German concepts, but on Italian action, the action of the fascist bundle or group. It transfers to Italy the vital drive of French syndicalism and disciplines it. The class war for Italy is a revolt by the poor nation against western plutocracy; her economic policy is an imperialism of the poor. This is where Mussolini's danger lies. For can he indulge in brilliant language, offensive to the growing internationalism of the world with receiving its condemnation and perhaps its slap, a slap so sound that he must either draw back, as at Corfu, or gamble on a desperate war? When the dilemma is *pot onus*, the odds against him are enormous. But on the other hand, the Great Powers are not as well-armed and unanimous as they were at the time of the Corfu rebuff, and they are rightly afraid of internationalism being called upon for repressive action in a cause however clear. Meanwhile Mussolini enjoys the respect of international finance for his stabilisation of the lira and willingness to recognize Italy's foreign debt. Fascism is fresh. Could any one have guessed that when the national government should offer to the Papacy the restoration of its temporal

power, the Papacy would find its chief embarrassment in the fact that the temporal field was occupied by religion. For Mussolini is Saint Benito, Italy's new St. Francis, and with this thorn (for who but a Christian saint could face without flinching and escape without harm the assassin's frequent hand?) he tortures His Holiness. The situation is Gilbertian—to the amused outsider, but for fascist Italy it is glorious truth.

Perhaps the poorest showing of fascism is in the realm of art. Its early affiliation was with Futurism; Italy must no longer live among historical scenes. But when the state directs life up to 100 per cent., art shrivels. The latinity of D'Annunzio is on the wane to-day. The new spirit runs to works of rural reclamation and giant stadia of cement, rather than to delicate beauty or classical balance. It would be vital, but its vitality is only economic and athletic. Is there a stage beyond? Will the aristocratic element, which is traceable in the morale of fascism, find an outlet for its nobility in art. Or will it stagnate because it has sinned against the Holy Ghost, in refusing to simple unassociated men the right to create and think as they will for truth's sake and beauty's sake, owning no master but the God that is in them? We greatly wonder.

Supreme Will

(Continued from Page 2)

an opportunity to know in its entirety. It is right to say that he has told the story with very noteworthy readability and his bibliography at the end of the volume, which lists the names, history and present location of the numerous rare documents sought out and consulted, gives some idea of the magnitude of the task he set himself and the thoroughness with which he accomplished it.

THE strangest thing about the life of Mrs. Eddy, so far as the general public is concerned therewith, is that it was not until she was quite an old woman that she scaled the peak of fame. Thus few people were ever much interested in the story of her life until she had reached extreme old age. Born at Bow, New Hampshire, of hardy small-farming stock, in the year 1821, Mary Ann Morse Baker was forty years of age before she found a real objective in life, she was sixty before she began to attain the recognition which subsequently made the name of Mrs. Eddy known the world over, and she was nearly eighty when she reached what may be called the summit of her renown.

"A brooding child, quick in her likes and dislikes, highly imaginative, and with a strong religious instinct." That is how she is described in her girlhood's days—and the child seems to have been the mother of the woman. She had, too, in early years a love of self-dramatization which is not without its significance in relation to the turn of mind which she later revealed. She early developed an interest in mesmerism and spiritualism and may be regarded as having been what may be termed emotionally unstable till she reached middle life, in fact. She was subject to "spells" (or violent hysterical attacks) and these harassed her all through her long life.

A good deal has been made (by Mark Twain and others) of her several husbands. On this point, the author has this to say—and the comment is illuminating: "Sex always played a rather large part in her life; how large a part, indeed, is revealed to the psychologist not so much by her several marriages as by her subsequently constant efforts to deny sex an orderly place in her existence." That life, until she reached the age of forty-five, was, for the most part, poverty-stricken, pain-racked and seemingly purposeless. But, when half of her allotted span had passed, the whole current of her life changed. For it was then that she met Quimby, the healer.

Though Mrs. Eddy was wont emphatically to deny her debt to Quimby who, possessed of notable hypnotic powers, had reached the conclusion that patients might be healed by suggestion apart from hypnosis, the author has no doubt of the reality of that debt. For he defines the system which she subsequently promulgated in "Science and Health," as embodying, first, the Quimby psychology, secondly, her extension and adaptation of his philosophy, and, thirdly, her own voluminous addenda, to both philosophy and psychology, of her theological tenets.

That system it is obviously out of place to discuss here. But Mr. Dakin lays his finger unerringly on its strategic strength on the controversial side. If attacked by the claim that her healing system was not superior to any other, Mrs. Eddy was able to reply that hers alone was divine and therefore reliable, all others being human counterfeits. If the critic shifted his ground, and declared (as critics have been known to do) that her philosophy was fallacious and her theology monstrous, she could always point to the fact that her healing system worked and that "by their works ye shall know them."

THE book is full of astoundingly, and indeed, almost incredibly dramatic incidents. Suits and counter-suits at law, one of them a witchcraft suit against Daniel H. Spofford, a healer; and, at one time, high in Mrs. Eddy's favor; the arrest of Asa Gilbert Eddy (Mrs. Eddy's husband) and Edward J. Arens (the latter once a favorite student of Mrs. Eddy's, but later accused by her of "Malicious Animal Magnetism") for murder;—many of the happenings read like unpleasant dreams.

It was in 1906 that the New York "World," sensing a vital human-interest story in the rumors that Mrs. Eddy was physically *hors de combat* started to investigate the foundation for these. The chapter describing the attempts to make it appear that the feeble, palsied, almost inarticulate woman was capable of administering vast property and directing complicated business affairs, makes the most bizarre reading imaginable. Here we have comedy, tragedy and, above all, pathos, all at once.

In order that the public might see for themselves that Mrs. Eddy was leading a normal life in her declining days, it was the custom in the year 1906 for her carriage to emerge from the grounds of her house at Concord for a regular afternoon drive. "Within sat a white-haired woman, muffled to the ears in fur, always holding a small sunshade before her, despite the fact that the carriage was entirely closed and covered." The occupant of the carriage was, later, identified not as Mrs. Eddy at all (according to the volume under review) but as a Mrs. Leonard!

The part played by Mrs. Eddy's footman, Calvin Frye, during the closing years of her life, when she dwelt in almost entire seclusion, is described in considerable detail. He was her constant attendant and appears to have been devoted to her. She was completely dependent on him and it is suggested in the book that he was the real author of some of the accredited correspondence during her later years.

The book reads like a tale from another world than this. It is of compelling interest by reason of its wealth of dramatic incident, of the sense that it gives one of a soul plunged in some of the profoundest emotional depths that humanity can know, and (not least) of its main sweep—a sweep that, at the end, leaves the reader in a state almost of stupefaction, as though one had been nearly stunned. And this interest never flags until the very end—indeed, Pelion is so piled on Ossa that suspense is sustained until the very last page.

To read such a volume is a unique experience—and one imagines it will be very widely read. To attempt to analyse the character seemingly so incongruous and inconsistent, of which it treats, is, however, another matter. This the author himself seems to have felt. For many of his conclusions are striking by reason of their inconclusiveness—if the lapse into paradox be permissible. The facts are, on the surface, many of them, so contradictory that anything like a dogmatic analysis is out of the question. A soul obsessed, and often distraught and fearful? Perhaps. But one salient fact stands out—the fact of an indomitable will.

A Song of Departure

I went from your arms, to shake
The stars from my hair;
I went to be common again,
To have common care.
For the way I walked down a street,
Ran down a stair;
I went from your arms, to break
Joy's fearful snare.
—DOROTHY LIVESAY.

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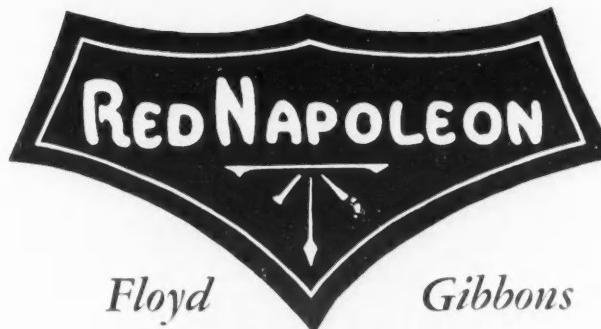
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The Tosh-Horse Between the Shafts

"HANS FROST," by Hugh Walpole; Doubleday Doran & Gundy, Toronto; 357 pages; \$2.00.

By CONSTANCE C. MACKAY

ONE was about to say that Mr. Walpole was well astride the tosh-horse. But alas, even that would exaggerate the value of this latest effort. Here he is riding behind the tosh-horse in a buggy, and the fiery charger droops between the ignoble shafts.

Hans is seventy and famous. Nathalie is nineteen and pretty. Hans is rejuvenated by his fatherly and protective love for his wife's pretty niece. "Hans' heart as he saw her was carried away as a pigeon carries a fragment of golden corn." His life, as he stretched out his hand for yet another piece of cake, seemed to be opening at last, like a flower—a glorious flower with petals of gold and a fragrance of delicious tenderness." In the clash between his beautiful wife and the charming Nathalie, he makes a great and original discovery. "He'd got to think this thing out. He'd got to think out a thousand things! What a whirl of violence women could stir up when they pleased. Women! He suddenly, in a flash of lightning revelation, discovered that he knew nothing whatever about them, he who had been writing of them and for them all his days."

And then there are such things as this. "Nathalie had never seen either of her grandmothers. One had died years and years ago, and erected herself for ever in Nathalie as a bright green bottle standing up in the sun. That was because when Nathalie had heard of her death she had been a small girl nursing a nigger doll and gazing at a bright green bottle that stood on the window ledge." *Encore un peu proustie.*

From the beginning one is constantly thinking, "Tosh, yet reminiscent Tosh.



HUGH WALPOLE

Who can it be?" The entrance of a lady novelist at a dinner clears up the mystery. Virginia Woolf. The dinner-party itself inevitably forces one to compare it with its model, the dinner in "To the Light-house." How sadly it compares. "I'd like her, would I?" he asked, wondering whether it were true, as he'd read somewhere, that "in Teheran the famous Persian gardens contained only trees and running water." Through five pages Nathalie stands by a window, making illuminating reflections about her aunt and uncle, while Mr. Walpole makes still less illuminating descriptions of a "thin-as-a-stick woman." Nathalie is at the same time watching in the street below. It is the culminating annoyance for the reviewer to find a novelist thus trying to kidnap Virginia Woolf in a tosh-buggy.

Byrne's Boney

"FIELD OF HONOR," by Donn Byrne; The Century—Macmillans, Toronto; \$2.50.

By A. RAYMOND MULLEN

A VERY great literary artist was Donn Byrne; the tales he wrote all had the note of tragedy and his own death was in the key of all that he had written. The author of "Hangman's House," and "Messer Marco Polo" was one of the most notable phrase makers of his day. His was the gift of words which heightened a scene as if by play of forked lightning, the art of investing the most sentimental of love scenes with the veritable atmosphere of romance; the gift of causing simple, plain words to work magic for him.

And now the last of his novels has been written. Is it in the true line of succession? I think not.

"Field of Honor" is an ambitious book, a book which challenges comparison with part of that greatest novel of war, Tolstoy's "War and Peace." But it is not Tolstoy. Nor, alas, is it Donn Byrne at his finest. It is merely an historical novel which endeavors to cover the huge canvas of the Napoleonic wars and succeeds in presenting a series of arresting pictures of English and Irish life in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Arresting pictures but pictures marred by a lack of perspective, of coloring too ingeniously used, of historical narrative that does not rest on the secure basis of accepted truth.

The only two characters in his novel for which Byrne has not had to invoke the aid of the historian are Garrett Dillon and his wife Jocelyn. Both of these characters are beautifully conceived and presented—Garrett the Loyalist and his wife in whose veins runs the blood of executed republicans. The love story of their married life is wonderfully told. But their story is not the real story of this novel. Byrne's hero is Napoleon Bonaparte and its villain—and such a villain—Castlereagh, British minister for war.

I suppose that every man must read history in his own way, must, by virtue of his sympathies, love or abhor the characters he studies. Certainly Byrne can see no good in the England of the period of which his book deals. To him all English are knaves—Pitt,

Castlereagh, Wellington, Fox, Canning—in a lesser degree—the Duke of York, the Prince of Wales. All are corrupt and look upon corruption as their readiest weapon. It is, according to Donn Byrne, the weapon which ultimately defeats Napoleon.

In a word, Byrne sees England of the Napoleonic era through Irish eyes—and there is no health in it. Even Nelson at Trafalgar is not spared:

"Blackwood," he (Nelson) said, "I will now amuse the fleet with a signal."

And the signal-lieutenant apprises the fleet that "England expects that every man will do his duty."

Surely an unworthy sneer.

Wellington is a man who despises his troops and has a hand in many a political intrigue. As for poor old George IV it is not enough that all the usual gossip of his profligacy—stale and unprofitable stuff—shall be revived but he is accused of an intrigue with Lady Hertford, a grandmother. I believe that it would be difficult to find documentary evidence for any such accusation.

Donn Byrne found the stuff of his historical writing largely in the stews of scandalous memoir. Against this must be placed isolated chapters having nothing to do with the forward movement of the tale but fantasies that are miniature miracles of deduction. Napoleon's Josephine is one of the subjects, another is Shelley, another Goethe, another Captain Broke, whose fight with the American frigate *Chesapeake* is a masterpiece of ironic but vivid description.

Through all these scenes of intrigue, war and tragedy moves Garrett Dillon. He is the only man Castlereagh can trust—yet he is blind to all the falsehood and corruption with which he is surrounded. His innocence is immaculate and magnificent. But it is hard to believe.

But whether you can accept Byrne's interpretation of history you cannot deny him his magnificent gift of purple rhetoric. Save for a few pages of encyclopedia which are curiously reminiscent of Guedella without Guedella's caustic wit, the writing never flags in picturesqueness and flavor. See how marvellously a dry but necessary historical fact can be communicated to the reader by a master of climax:

"Complaints were received from Lord Wellesley that Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was keeping him short of supplies and funds.

"But this was not to be for long. One John Bellingham, a bankrupt, a madman, and a former Russian merchant, conceived a grievance against the Chancellor. As the Chancellor passed through the lobby to reach the House of Commons, the bankrupt put a pistol to his breast and blew his heart in."

Finally we are given an unforgettable picture of Sir Hudson Low, Napoleon's jailor at St. Helena and the indignities he heaps upon the fallen warrior. It is told in the form of a soliloquy of a grenadier on sentry-go at Napoleon's grave and is magnificent in its restrained pathos. The sentry reviews his term of service at St. Helena. These are his closing words:

"You ain't afraid of nothing, Bill, see? But Christ, how he wished his relief would come!"

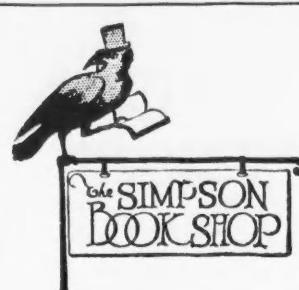
It is easy to say that this novel is loose in construction; according to the formulas very likely it is. It is easy to say that its view of history is bilious and malevolent. But it is a magnificent piece of writing just the same.

Sequel to Jalna

"WHITEOAKS OF JALNA," by Mazo de la Roche; Macmillans, Toronto; 384 pages; \$2.00.

By W. G. HARDY

SEQUELS are often disappointing. But it can be said at once that this continuation of "Jalna" is a best-seller in its own right. The vein has not run out. "Whiteoaks of Jalna" may be more subdued in tone than its famous predecessor, it may not revel in adultery and seduction so heartily; but it is written with the same arresting force and humour, the same intermingling of lyric beauty and sharply lined realism and, above all, with the same vivid power of characterization that marked the Atlantic Monthly \$10.



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000 prize novel of two years ago. You may not like the Whiteoaks, you may assert that such persons are scarcely credible, but you must admit that, in the pages of "Jalna" and its sequel, they live.

It was the somewhat hermaphroditic Finch who in "Jalna" played *deus ex machina* to the entanglements of his brothers and their wives. This new novel, its time a year later than the closing events of "Jalna," opens with Finch in centre stage. True, he is often pushed into a corner. The other Whiteoaks are too vigorous to be content with the background. Yet, it is from Finch's blundering attempts at self-expression and from his puppy-like craving for friendship that Miss de la Roche weaves her plot. It is his flight to New York that brings Eden and his wife back to the magnet of Jalna. It is out of his reaction to the terms of his grandmother's will that the solution of the Eden-Renny-Alayne complication comes. "Whiteoaks of Jalna" is Finch's story.

His prominence, however, seems to be too weighty a burden for him. He is one of the few characters in the book who appears to be over-sensitized. No one but a woman, a mere male is tempted to exclaim, could have etched so many lights and shadows into his adolescent strivings. Finch, indeed, seems, at times, to be feminized to the point of unreality—and the same criticism might apply to his friend, Arthur Leigh.

If these two appear to be somewhat attenuated the other characters are as rudely convincing and as enjoyable as ever. All the Whiteoaks are there, among them the downy Meg, the two uncles, the stalwart Piers, the incisive, fox-like Renny and dominant as ever, that amazing ancient, the centenarian grandmother. From the moment that we see her again, "an eager, expectant look in the one eye which her nightcap did not conceal," she fascinates us anew. Even her death and the long-expected reading of her will does not dissolve her spell. She may be dead and under sod. But she lives on as one of the most striking characters of modern fiction.

Few novelists have Miss de la Roche's power of putting such reality into her personages that they can exist almost independently of their creator. Her technique, too, is sound. The plot of the whole novel is original and interesting and the individual scenes are brilliantly done. Among the best of these, perhaps, is that in which the puckish Wakefield has his innings and that chapter in which the centenarian grandmother is at last checkmated by Death.

Not a little is added, too, by Miss de la Roche's faculty of close observation and her happy feeling for the *mot juste*. Passages of sheerest beauty leap out and hit the eye. To say that "the tan-bark looked like brown velvet" or that, "The stream, its surface broken in a thousand sunny splinters, hastened down into the ravine," is to achieve unforgettable pictures—and this novel sparkles with them.

One could wish that the novelist had stopped there. But the search for the perfect picture does, at times, appear to lead Miss de la Roche into preciosity. It may be my own denseness but to say of Eden and Alayne that, "The mind of each was free—to see its own reflection in the lucent pool of summer," does not convey much to me. Nor do I comprehend why one should

labour to produce a metaphor such as Alayne wondering why her love for Renny "should so often be driven to put on the hair shirt of irritation"; while to read that "Their love had been a red rose clasped, inhaled, thrown down to die. But the faint perfume of it lingering made her soul stir in pain," makes one wonder why a novelist of Miss de la Roche's gifts should pursue the delicately scented shades of Flaubert and Fanny Hurst. The constant smacking of kisses in both "Jalna" and the present novel, too, offends the ears. The Whiteoaks seem to be too virile a family for such a quantity of blustering osculation.

The unusualness of the atmosphere in both novels is one of their greatest charms. Yet it might be pointed out, particularly to our cousins across the line, that neither of them has a "Canadian" setting. The normal Canadian does not live like an English squire—nor does he exhibit the traits of the Whiteoaks. The New York background, prominent in part of this book as it was in "Jalna," may be authentic. But the Ontario setting must not be regarded in the same light. Otherwise there will be another "Canadian" legend to set up by the side of the stalwart redcoats chasing villainous halfbreeds across the snowy wastes of the "frozen North."

(Continued on Page 12)

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who have a reputation for doing the best writing, and that even such an editor as Squire is safest when buying in good markets. I have here, however, to make a reservation in the case of Arthur Wheen, whose name is not familiar to me and who perhaps belongs to this "brilliant amateur" class; his story entitled "Two Masters," while imperfect in execution, is a most powerfully conceived presentation of that great moral issue, the clash between loyalty to country and loyalty to human friendship. The clash could hardly have been more dramatically presented than in this tale of the profoundly literary and self-analytical Australian officer who undertakes spy work behind the German lines and becomes the friend of a German officer of similar character. The German penetrates his disguise but refrains from denouncing him; the Australian decides

that his duty to his country requires him to kill the German in order that his own mission as a spy may be safely completed. There is not a vestige of melodrama in the tale, and the psychological struggle and subsequent remorse are presented with great skill. Mr. Wheen may be Mr. Squire's great find.

All the tales are written, like the rest of the London Mercury, for a public of much greater discernment than that to which most of the "best stories" are addressed. Practically all of them have a certain symbolic value; they enshrine an idea which is more important than the event which they relate. Some of them are very beautifully written. There have been many poems and many poetical paragraphs of prose written on the subject of the ideal alcoholic beverage, but I recall nothing finer than C. E. Montague's story of the little still in County Clare.



MARY BAKER EDDY

of the ineffable liquor that Tom Farrell there concocted, and of the reverential awe with which Sergeant Maguire and his two constables gave of their pay and allowances to finance the sacred operations, and finally, when a new and painfully efficient magistrate demanded victims, made up the fare to enable the inspired poteen artist to escape to the United States. Farrell's philosophy was that just as the flesh can be conquered by the spirit so that an ordinary human man becomes a saint, so the great artist in distillation could succeed in "transformin' the body of anny slushy old drink you'd get in a town into the soul of all kindness and joy that our blessed Lord put into the water the good people had at the wedding . . . work the stuff up to the pitch that you'd not feel it wetting your throat, but only the love of God and of man, and the true wisdom of life, and comprehension of this and of that, flowing softly into your mind."

A Trouper Looks Back

(Continued from Page 2)

famous production of "Peter Ibbetson" which was marked by her own lovely impersonation of the Duchess of Towers and established the fame of both John and Lionel Barrymore. The story of how she got hold of this play and of the vicissitudes of getting it presented is fascinating. The harlequin changes of her career are typified by her candid account of why she left London at the height of her career and came to America to take a part unsuited to her in Bernstein's "Samson" as leading woman to William Gillette. Her reasons were unique. She had suddenly and impulsively married a young Irish actor, Julian L'Estrange, of the Irish family of Fitzgerald, and a grand nephew of the translator of Omar Khayyam. She was a famous figure in London and he was comparatively obscure. He chafed under this position although he said he did not mind so long as no one called him "Mr. Collier." She decided that the way to happiness for both was to come to America, where they could make a new start on equal terms.

Another reason is revealed in this book. After her husband's death her health broke down utterly. Two or three years later she was blind and apparently dying in Switzerland. Her Swiss doctor out of curiosity went to see the many celebrities attending the Lausanne Conference and there talked over her case with Prof. Blum, of Strasbourg, who said he believed he could cure her.

Though it was supposed she would die en route she was rushed to Strasbourg by special train, and in a few weeks she was well. She was the first woman in Europe to receive insulin treatment. Prof. Blum's wife had died of diabetes shortly before he heard of Dr. Banting's discovery, and he at once cast everything aside and crossed the Atlantic to investigate. He had just returned when informed of the case of Constance Collier. The circumstances surrounding her cure, she regards as among the most unexpected of the many unexpected events in a life unusually romantic.

It is one thing to live romance and another to make it romantic in the telling; and that Constance Collier assuredly has done in this delightful book.

The popular opinion is that when a scientist says anything it is so, but when a philosopher or a theologian says anything it probably isn't.—Dean Inge.

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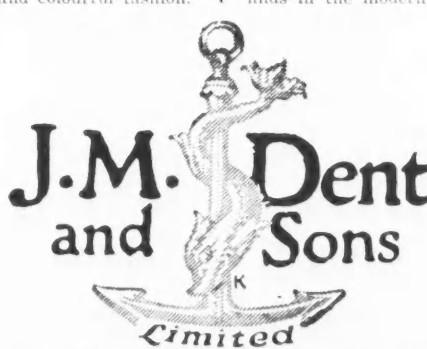
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Sons of Sorrow

"ADRIGOOLE," by Peader O'Donnell, Jonathan Cape Nelson, Toronto; 315 pages; \$2.00.

By A. RAYMOND MULLENS.

TO READ Adrigoole is to invite sorrow to your heart; but it is a sorrow that is also a song.

In attempting to estimate its place in literature one thinks inevitably of Hardy, of Bojer, of Raymond—all the great novelists who have striven to lay bare to us the struggles, the despair, the bravery of the very poor and of the greatly oppressed. But Peader O'Donnell does not seem to belong in this company, save that he is a genius. And if genius ever expresses itself without the aid of artifice then it has done so in this inexpressibly moving tale of a handful of Donegal peasants.

For O'Donnell tells us of heart-rending things, of happenings tragic in the extreme and of lives whose foreordained end is complete defeat. Yet never does he stress the grimness of circumstance; shock us with the wretchedness of dire poverty. Through all their miseries, their struggles, their endless defeats, Adrigoole's Hughie and Brigid and his wife suffer intensely but with a pitiful almost light-hearted patience that tinctures our pity with a wistful admiration and with a burning indignation that creatures so ruggedly fine must suffer so cruelly.

This novel is not the work of a propagandist. O'Donnell does not rail at the forces that are the ultimate undoing of Hughie and Brigid. He, apparently, has no quarrel with those who are responsible for the lot of the Donegal peasants of whom he writes. He paints a picture of tragic intensity, true. But he rebukes no one, he ascribes blame to no one—he simply tells a tale quietly and with infinite impersonality.

His method is in sharp contrast to that of Patrick Maizell who wrote "The Rat Pit." Maizell told a similar tale—the poverty of the Irish tenant farmer and his family who are forced to hire themselves to other farmers and to leave their homes for ill-paid work in Scotland. But where Maizell is grim, where he stresses the filth and horror that these pitiful migrants experience, O'Donnell would seem to say: "Well, if wages are low it is because there is little with which to pay wages. If my Donegal peasants suffer it is because they are placed in surroundings where suffering is inevitable."

And this tragic tale is, nevertheless, bathed in the sunlight of raucy humor. Not one scene appears to have been invented for the sake of the humorous whimsicality it might reveal. All the quaintness, the laughing philosophy are native to the characters and to the movement of the story. And yet the alternates of heartbreaking sadness and incidents and speeches irresistibly comic seem to have been blended with art which is almost alchemy. The truth is, I suspect, that O'Donnell had a tale to tell which he felt in every fibre of his being and he determined to set it down with entire simplicity. In doing so he made what is, I truly believe, the greatest novel of the Irish people our literature has yet seen.

To Canadians this book should have a unique appeal for its villain is one with which all Canadians are well acquainted—the villain, or hero, that is known as "pride of the land." Because Hughie is in love with his barren acres, because the bog must be subdued at any cost, tragedy overtakes him and his brave wife.

Only the climax seems at all out of the picture. Hughie has contracted fever in Scotland. He is brought home to Adrigoole. His neighbors have a superstitious horror of fever. Hughie to retrieve his fortunes agrees to help two other men to make peat. While he is in jail his wife and children starve to death. The neighbors are afraid of the fever and do not know that the Dalaachs are starving. The writer so evidently knows these Irish folk of whom he writes that it is possible this thing might have happened. But, on the other hand, their neighborly kindness, their communal sharing of work and sorrow make such a happening improbable. Is it possible that in this one instance O'Donnell has tried for a smashing effect? I don't believe so. I believe that this is one of those cases wherein a writer by refusing to depart a fraction of



A CARTOON OF CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM

an inch from the truth has written that which seems incredible.

This novel deserves a long critical analysis, a description of its countless heart-searching incidents, of the method by which these incidents are told with the maximum of effect. No doubt when Peader O'Donnell is assigned his rightful place in literature this analysis will be made. But I doubt if it will benefit any save the pedants. It would involve much quotation and an attempt to reduce the art of the writer to something resembling a formula. Also it could convey nothing of the book's powerful and compelling charm.

The only worthwhile thing about this review, I am afraid, will be its conclusion.

Buy Adrigoole. It is a book worthy to stand comparison with any novel written in English. To read it is to have lost oneself completely for a while in the lives of people who have made of poverty, struggle, madness and death a song whose sadness transcends the joy communicated by music sung by the most jovial of minstrels.

Sign-Post of Matrimony

"THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES," by Andre Gide; 117 pages; Knopf, Longmans Green, Toronto; price \$2.00.

By L. A. MACKAY

IT IS a bit disconcerting for a reviewer to tackle a book which is not a great book, yet with which inside its own self-appointed limits hardly any fault can be found. "The School for Wives" is probably destined to a wider and more enduring popularity than any other of Gide's works. It is rather a surprising production, as here alone among his novels he gets away from his usual rather monotonous preoccupation with the theme of unnatural passion. The story is a delicate and convincing account of the gradual disillusionment of a sincere, innocent and adoring girl married to a self-satisfied and successful young man, a complacent and incurable prig whose life is playacting for an audience whose most absorbed and considered spectator is himself, a man not so much a conscious and deliberate hypocrite as one completely incapable of any deep spontaneous and sincere feeling. The psychological working-out is rather delicate than deep, implicit rather than explicit. This is indeed necessitated by the autobiographical form in which he has cast the book, and the character he has given to the narrator. Perhaps the chief charm, as is not unusual in Gide's work, lies in the excellence of the style. The book falls into two parts, dated by an interval of twenty years, and the delicately apt way in which the changes of attitude and outlook are reflected in and indicated by the alterations in the supposed narrator's way of expressing himself, is absolutely masterly. Gide seems to have deliberately set himself an extremely tricky problem in style, and has solved it brilliantly.

In this connection too high praise can hardly be given to the translator, Dorothy Bussy, for the inspired fidelity with which she has preserved not

only the whole sense of the narrative, but the subtle flavour of this device. Comparison with the original only serves to heighten one's admiration for the delicate deftness that has turned the book into a limpid flow of easy and idiomatic English, surmounting with deceptive dexterity the most ticklish passages.

The story is simple, it is the character-sketches that matter, and of these especially Eveline and Robert. There is incidental mention of a painter-friend, apparently modelled on Cézanne, patronized by Robert but seeing through him ironically; a vague figure of a brusque-mannered doctor with a heart of gold; and the scornful hardness of Eveline's daughter, Genevieve, who sees through her father as clearly as her mother does, but has no scruples about expressing her disdain. Eveline appears at first as a very trusting and idealistic, in fact gushing youngster, indulging in the most shameless hero-worship of the charming, correct, conceited, and fashionable young man for whose career and happiness she is anxious to make the most humble and devoted sacrifices. The first shadow of disillusionment comes at the end of Part One, when Eveline discovers that Robert has failed to observe his part of their mutual agreement to keep a private journal of their mutual affection. After making all possible allowances, she sees that he does not understand that "what makes me unhappy is just that a thing that has so much importance for me has so little for him" and sees with a sad presentiment that "soon it will not be he who was in the wrong for not keeping his word, but I who am in the wrong for objecting to it."

Robert goes on from worldly success to success, winning over even the politically hostile father, and growing in complacent smugness, successfully playing to the gallery. Eveline stifles in growing contempt for his hollowness, but she cannot bring herself to leave him; till the war offers her freedom. Robert volunteers so that he may choose a safe branch of the service, by the help of his influence, and gains a decoration which finally confirms his self-satisfaction; Eveline takes service in a hospital for fatally contagious diseases, and so finds rest at last.

Background of Village Life

"THE YOUNG MAY MOON," by Martha Ostenso; Dodd Mead & Co., Toronto; 301 pages; \$2.00.

By JESSIE McEWEN

A GRIM book, pitifully grim, but so convincing! It may have no definite purpose; one may question the author's ability to create a plot but one can never doubt her ability to portray people, nor her great gift for carrying her readers to the very pinnacle of her emotional pitch. She crams too many thoughts and reactions to emotions into her opening pages, so many in fact, that the suddenly of Rolf Gunther emerges from them with shocking brutality.

And so it is throughout the book, every event of importance seems to be thrust at one; it is never the culmination of any of the emotional strain that has been developed, nor is it a contribution to the growth of a plot. For years Marcia Gunther endured the cold hatred and the persistent domination of her mother-in-law. She was stoically indifferent to the sly curiosity and mean insinuations of the village women. She brooded tenderly over her baby and she wearied herself with long hours of remorse. Then suddenly she was afire; the vitality and eagerness of her girlhood came back to her for one purpose and that purpose was to get away from old Dorcas Gunther. She flung words at her; she told her of her "wickedness" and she welcomed with tearful relief, the old woman's shrill command that she leave her house.

A story of great dramatic force might have been developed from this point; one can almost vision Dorcas Gunther sending forth an edict of revenge and of the whole village torn between loyalty to the bitter old woman and admiration for the awakened Marcia. But the author does not take advantage of the opportunity; instead, she almost loses her heroine in a tumultuous throng of incidents and village gossip. When she rescues her finally, it is a different Marcia who emerges; it is a Marcia who

by her own efforts, has made a home for her little son, has defied the insulting advances of the village bully and has become most pleasingly aware of her feminine grace. She is not remorseful; she is not beaten by bitterness and grief; she is alive—eager to have a part and a place in the growth of life about her.

But I am afraid I have not done the book justice. I have said that it has little plot, that it records an amazing variety of emotions and that sometimes the heroine is lost in a throng of incidents. There are other things which should have been said too, for Miss Osteno has a rare gift of penetration; she feels rather than understands the sufferings and the pleasures of her people; and so her story has from its first chapter, the certain conviction of absolute sincerity. She knows all the petty irritations of village life and, although they offer necessary material for her recording of Marcia Gunther's trials, she does not allow them to become too conspicuous; they are only what they should be, details to give her background reality. The village gossips, who plan their onslaughts at the village store, are in the book; the woman whose past is questioned; the family whose social status is not assured in the community, the pseudo-religious, the quiet, thoughtful woman who, by her tenderness and sympathy, solves many problems—all these have a place in "The Young May Moon" and it is they which make it truly "a great book", a worthy and valuable contribution to Canadian literature.

The Innocent Pariahs

"THREE CAME UNARMED," by E. Arnot Robertson; Cape-Nelson, Toronto; 320 pages; \$2.00.

By T. D. RIMMER

IN PEPYS' time they had splendid sport baiting the bear. Fashions change, however, and we now have the gentle art of baiting the Philistine. Almost every season's output of fiction has one or more books thrusting a lance into this stuffed effigy. Don Quixote never thrust more fiercely at his windmills.

Nevertheless, an artist, in the very nature of things, is always a rebel. There are many things in the world to disgust the sensitive nature and the more attacks are made on intolerance, bigotry and suspicion the better for all concerned.

The novel under review is another stone flung at the Philistine. Quietly Miss Robertson goes about her deadly business. When she is finished there is nothing left save a few rags flapping idly in the breeze. The remarkable thing in this book is, paradoxically, its quiet brilliance. Subtle phrasing, pointed humor and a keen sense of word values make it an intensely interesting novel.

Her theme bristled with possibilities. A sister and two brothers coming to maturity in a jungle and then suddenly flung into a post war civilization where their simplicity and honesty are met with suspicion and hostility. Such a theme has many pitfalls. There is always the danger of foolish railing or worse, maudlin sentimentality. Miss Robertson is too much the artist for either, though a little bitterness is evident here and there. Generally, however, she leaves the story to point the moral and her restraint emphasizes its poignancy.

There are many vivid characters in this novel. From Jennifer Ackland, the acrid yet lovable cripple, to the Indian army colonel, pompous and tradition-bound, they are drawn unerringly, some with malice, others with kindness, until a group stands out, memorable in its reality.

The reactions of the Drueces are treated with insight. Representing the simplicity from which humanity has travelled far, the contrast is startlingly vivid. Of course they have the sympathy of their creator though her gift of characterization makes incident and byplay logical. Her relation of the effect produced by Herel on his factory co-workers is none the less true because it is bitter. But all three Drueces suffer frustration. In a world of artificiality and frozen conventionality, they are bewildered and finally conquered by the forces opposing them.

As I have said, this novel is very quietly written yet it sparkles through-

out with verbal felicities. Such a phrase as "Mary's mind was Martha-ing" is an indication of her style. The whole book is touched with cleverness and a keen sense of humor which the occasional bitter note does not hide. It treats sex frankly, without morbidity, and assumes a like attitude on the part of the reader. Altogether, as you may have gathered from this review, it is a book written by an artist and well out of the common rut of fiction.

From A Pungent Pen

"THIRTY TALES AND SKETCHES," by R. B. Cunningham Graham; 354 pages; price \$3.00.

By BLODWEN DAVIES

THE thought that comes to me as I lay aside, temporarily, "Thirty Tales and Sketches" is that the author is a man who had lived life richly. Cunningham Graham is obviously a man with a mind like a crucible, into which all sorts of metals have been gathered, and in which they have been fused into new and rare substances. Life for him has not narrowed toward its end, but broadened into a panorama. A British reviewer once said of him that he is "the boldest, most original and unpopular of British writers," but these tales and sketches, which are selected from his writings of the last thirty years, do not appear so bold and outrageous to-day as they must have seemed as they came into print. He was once considered to be fifty years ahead of his time, but since he has been writing for forty years, Time is catching up with him. Certainly there is a pungency in his style, an uncompromising honesty in his conclusions, but there is much of delicacy, something even of romance, and warm human sympathy, all woven into his cynicism and his impatience with the traditional.

Cunningham Graham began life with a curious heritage, a Scottish baronet with Spanish blood from the distaff side of the house, making him, as his publisher says, "an unusual combination of hidalgos and the canny laird." He has travelled most of his life, has a fondness for his ancestral estates and took intervals at reform. He was one of the first Labor members of the British Commons "which he shocked

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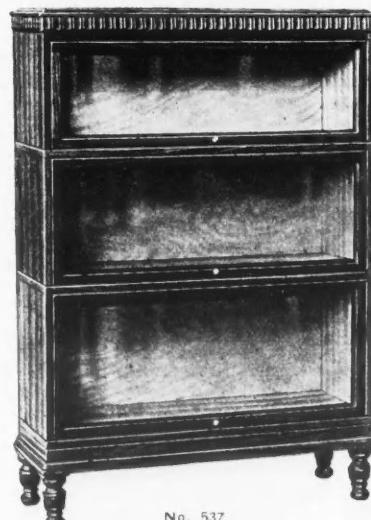
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with his ideas and publicly damned for its hypocrisy." He was a friend of William Morris and of Parnell, of both of whom he writes in this volume.

There is a refreshing variety in his subjects and his editor, who has been familiar with his work during the thirty years represented in the volume, has done an excellent service to the reading public in this country by introducing him so pleasantly to western readers. He has chosen as the initial sketch, "Niggers," which he regards as the keynote to the author's genius, outlook and attitude to his fellow men. It is a theme in which he develops the idea that man has created God in his own image, and in which he makes droll thrusts at the white man's complacent assumption of superiority over all creation.

How dramatic the short sketch may be in the hands of an artist he proves again and again, as in "Sursum Corda" in which he considers speech. He conceives of nothing worse than the horror of a speechless world and then takes us into an English prison where men live in dreary silence. With swift, sure strokes he builds up the picture of the Sunday service where the condemned "sitting as patiently as toads in mud" await the hymn. "Then an earthquake the pent up sound breaks forth, the chapel quivers like a ship from stem to stern" while men roar out in the one form of speech permitted to them.

He has an almost uncanny deftness in his picture of the Scot struggling back to his homeland to die in "Beattock for Moffat." "Dam't, ye've done it Aundra," here's Beattock."

We travel with a rare companion through the by-ways of the world, along the coast of Africa in a German tramp, rubbing shoulders with the mob after a bull fight in Seville, dreaming about the Princess of Raratonga who came out of her south seas to lie among her dear husband's people in a graveyard near Aberdeen, or at the grave of the Sioux chief who has come to a crowded London cemetery.

So catholic are his tastes and interests, so varied his adventures, so rich his philosophy that each of the thirty tales is a delight.

**Hazzard, the
Ascetic**

"ROPER'S ROW," by Warwick Deeping; Ryerson Press, Toronto; 423 pages; \$2.00.

By CLARA BERNHARDT

YOUR attention is caught by the first sentence in "Roper's Row." "The girl was tempted by the open door." And as Ruth Avery was tempted by Hazzard's open door, so is the reader tempted by the open book.

When an author has to his credit as many books as has Warwick Deeping—thirty odd—his work generally becomes one of two things. Either the bloom has worn off his writing (and incidentally, his enthusiasm) and the book is merely so many thousand words, or through a wealth of experience, the book becomes a vital and living work. This book of Mr. Deeping's belongs to the latter class.

The figure of Christopher Hazzard dominates "Roper's Row." First as a medical student, and then as a general practitioner; later as the successful London doctor. But always Hazzard is alone, save for the steadfast love of a woman—his indomitable mother, followed by his ambitious and courageous wife, Ruth. The author's own words best explain this loneliness: "For Christopher was unusual, and to be unusual is to arouse the mistrust and dislike of the crowd, be the members of it men or children."

Ruth came into Hazzard's life early, when he was a persecuted, struggling student at "Bennet's" hospital. "She was a dusky thing, suggesting a damask rose or a purple pansy, quick to change color, slim, sensitive. This smile of hers came and went as quickly as her color and when she was not smiling, her face had a mute, apprehensive sadness." Ruth is a vivid character. Hazzard, wrapped up in his studies, is wholly unconscious of her as a woman, and allows her to slip unnoticed from his life, to re-enter it seven years later.

Greatly through Ruth, success is ultimately Hazzard's, but she is not happy. Her husband, she thought, no



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM
"THE INCREDIBLE MARQUIS"

longer needed her. During their years of life together, even before their marriage, Ruth was Hazzard's constant helper, ever ready and willing. Now she felt unnecessary; a hindrance almost, because of her limited education.

The character pictures are splendidly revealing. In a few, deft words you have before you a clear image of the landlady, Mrs. Bunce, for instance: "She wore spectacles; she had an amorphous roundness of face and figure; hair and skin were so alike in their bleached deadness, that they seemed to melt into each other." The many similes are delightful in their originality, though not always beautiful.

Although the book is long, with little plot, Warwick Deeping takes you right with him to the final, poignant chapter. It is his style that does it. You can never be sure what he will say next, or how he will say it.

**A Corking
Tale**

"YOUNG APOLLO," by Anthony Gibbs; Harper-Mussens, Toronto; 372 pages; \$2.00.

By GORDON HILL GRAHAME

"YOUNG APOLLO," by Anthony Gibbs, is styled "A Novel of the Beauty and Absurdity of Youth." Of beauty there is a-plenty in this corking tale, and if the absurdities of youth are stressed, they are delineated with the sympathetic understanding of a man who is young himself. Anthony Gibbs has obviously lived the life of which he writes. He understands the Oxford undergraduate as only one but recently removed from the historic halls of the university is capable. He has not yet lost his sympathetic understanding of the problems which beset the adolescent and he describes them in an intimate and understanding manner.

A wonderful clan, these Gibbs!

"Young Apollo" detracts nothing from the family reputation. The high standard in literature already set up by his older brothers is nobly maintained by this youngest member of the family. His style is perfect, his diction lucid, his characterization superb. "Young Apollo" is light fare—with beautiful written and entertaining.

But one could wish that writers would find some other name than "Allan" for their heroes. There seems to be a craze for "Allan" these days. Sometimes an "I" is dropped, oftentimes it is spelled "Allen." The marked similarity in the characters of the various Allans who throng modern fiction leads one to the conclusion that the other heroes have gone on strike and that only Allan (Alan or Allen) has refused to join the walk-out.

Be that as it may, Allan Christopher Sheppard—Xstopher, if you please—the Young Apollo of Mr. Gibbs' tale, is an interesting soul, a callow youth, vaguely resentful of life's complexities; a lad whose gentle, quixotic progress through the pages of the book forms the basis of a most delightful story.

Allan falls in love with Jane Anderson. For years he has known her and looked upon her growing charms with dispassionate eye. And then, inevitably, love comes and Allan is distressed that the old, platonic friendship cannot continue. "Unco guid" is Allan.

Isobel d'Aunay adds the necessary spice to the story. Isobel is a personable young lady of French extraction and amorous predilection. She has a flair for the mediaeval, the ultra-modern—and Allan. She makes no bones about her passion, but Allan refuses to succumb to her blandishments until—but that would be giving the story away!

Isobel is a rather more dynamic character than the somewhat negative Jane and the author seems loath to subordinate her to the real heroine of the tale. Isobel is laden with "it."

A real character is Geoffrey Waters, known to his intimates as "Horner." Geoffrey is the son of a wealthy London merchant. He has a face like nobody's business and his ability to stretch his rubbery cheeks into the semblance of any person, animal or thing that anyone can mention makes him a most entertaining asset to any gathering. Horner is a droll, likeable chap and his sunny nature is a foil to Allan's more dour disposition.

Just four characters—Allan, Jane, Isobel and Geoffrey. Geoffrey is in love with Isobel; Isobel loves Allan; Allan is infatuated with Jane, and Jane—well, Jane, who honestly reciprocates Allan's affection, finds in her work a greater interest than marriage could give her.

Eventually all ends happily, though the reader, on completing the tale, feels that there is a lot that requires explanation.

Matador

"CASTANETS," a novel by Carlos Reyles; Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto; 297 pages; \$2.50.

By L. L. FORBES

CASTANETS is a book about which there is bound to be a difference of opinion. Unamuno, poet and one time professor of philosophy at the University of Salamanca, now alas an exile from Spain, has said, "Never before has the soul of Spain been described more freshly, and with more deep insight." Probably he is right, but to me it appears that that soul was sadly in need of rejuvenation. If not decadent at least it was still living in a purely physical consciousness where the butchery of the bull fight and the voluptuous frenzy of the dancer were the great spur to the emotions. The breeding of bulls for the ring—the more ferocious the better—was not only a very profitable business but something of a fetish. Cuenca's exhortation to find a spiritual uplift in the arts of bull fighting and of dancing, to the English mind is ironical. It is difficult to grasp any significance between the two. Just where the moral uplift comes, in watching a raging bull, the great beast roused to a frenzy and tortured by the steel darts thrust into his rump and shoulders, and goring into the entrails of first one and then another of the sorry old horses that drive him from one tormentor to another is quite incomprehensible to me. But you read that "some nun who loved the bull fighter had embroidered his coat" and you grasp at once how great and how universal is the hold that this sport has upon the Spanish mind.

Granted a matador must have great physical courage and a clear head, but to what end? To match his wits and strength against the great beasts, to be acclaimed a hero by the great crowds of the arena, and later to find still further pleasure in the arms of the famous and popular dancer—all very well but purely physical.

Worshipped as a national idol the matador goes from city to city turning the bull ring into a shambles. Frankly I felt as though I had enjoyed the edifying spectacle of a killing at an abattoir after I had read pages of description in which gutted horses lay around the ring while the mules dragged the dead bulls across a blood stained arena. But there is more than bull fights in Castanets. There is love and passion and religious fervour. There are firm characters and weak ones and a love story that runs the gamut from laughter to tragedy.

That Puriya's penance takes a highly dramatic and sensational form does not rob it of its spiritual ecstasy. Unreal and quixotic it might be judged by the less imaginative and less impetuous Anglo-Saxon. It nevertheless was in keeping with the nature of the great dancer and indubitably had the ring of sincerity. Love and repentance to that gypsy nature were a cleansing



and purifying flame. Puriya had more than one great hour in her tense and dramatic life.

Paco talking to Puriya said of the Spanish, "God has not endowed us with great intelligence but he has conferred the gifts of grace and charm upon us. To all his lot, we are different but we are not inferior."

Carlos Reyles has written seriously and with much philosophizing and at times his style is stilted, but I recommend the book both to those who like a stirring romance and to those readers who like to get a glimpse of a foreign viewpoint. Castanets has been very popular in Spain.

The translation is by Jacques Le-Clercq.

A Swiss Genius

"THE PEOPLE OF SELDWYLA," by Gottfried Keller; translated by M. D. Hottinger; Dent & Sons, Toronto; 300 pages; \$2.00.

By T. D. RIMMER

KELLER was a master of the short story. The collection of tales under review is ample evidence of that. Like Hamsun and Larsen, he writes of simple villagers but unlike them, he does not delve deeply below the surface. He is content to relate simply and lucidly the actions and antics of his characters.

The present volume consists of four short stories and a collection of dainty legends created or retold. Of the stories, one is a little tedious, but the other three are masterly. The legends are delicate fantasies which, supposedly Christian, have about them a strangely pagan flavor.

The story of "Spiegel the Cat" is a fantastic tale, whose humor and ingenuity are irresistible. "The Three Righteous Combmakers" is a slice of rural life possessing a rough and boisterous wit but protracted and slightly tedious. "Clothes Make the Man" is unique. It is a superb tale, racy with humor and packed with shrewd observation. The most beautiful and moving tale, however, is "A Village Romeo and Juliet." Such a tale does not shame its derivation. It is a sheer idyll. Modelled on the Shakespearean theme and told with impressive simplicity, it pursues its course to a perfect consummation which invests the simple pair of rural lovers with tragical dignity.

Keller died in 1890. In his last years Switzerland hailed him as its greatest imaginative writer. Certainly in these tales exuberant fancy and rich humor are in abundance. His humor is seldom labored and its spontaneous quality is largely responsible for the enjoyment the reader finds in these tales. In "Spiegel and the Cat" and "Clothes Make the Man," especially, this abundant humor reminds one of Milton's phrase, "laughter holding both its sides."

Keller's appeal is not merely local. His types can be found almost anywhere. Vigorous and elemental, they are portrayed by a writer who, despite his defects, had undeniably the quality of genius. In all these tales there are none which are not worth reading and all possess a broad humanity and deep understanding of village life.

Arms and Adventure

"DUST AND SUN," by Clements Ripley; Payson, Clarke—Irwin & Gordon, Toronto; price \$2.00.

By NATHANIEL A. BENSON

IN HIS first novel Clements Ripley, popular short story writer, has tried to do nothing very spectacular or or-

iginal, but what he has attempted is signal success, an old style, rip-snorting yarn of adventure concerning the hairbreadth escapes of two Americans in a revolution in Quetzalpan, a legendary republic of South America. Of course, the South American revolution has been well-nigh exhausted as a field for American adventure, but Clements Ripley has undeniably written a yarn which for sheer thrills approaches Masefield's "Odttaa." In addition to his ability in keeping his readers breathless, Ripley has a fine gift for characterization, and at the book's end one feels that the hero, Jerry Maxton, a hard-boiled soldier of fortune, is a personal friend. Others who stand out are Bill O'Day, profane engineer; Pedro Morales, Princeton graduate and heir to the Revolution, and the loathly Jason Wales who has bled the republic in order that the Pan-American Asphalt Company might reap bigger dividends.

Young Pat Standish, fresh from Yale, awakens in Quetzalpan after a carouse to find that his passport, identification papers, and even his identity have been filched by an impersonator. He introduces himself to General Manager Wales as the nephew of Roger Standish, Pan-American's president, and next morning is ejected as an impostor, and jailed for an assault upon Wales. In the calaboso he meets Jerry Maxton. Jerry is a political prisoner, a professional soldier, stoically accepting his fate and without illusions concerning the art of war. He is hard-boiled, capable and ruthless in the practice of his profession, and his loyalty for "one hundred and forty gold a month" reminds one of A. E. Housman's "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries":

"Who saved the sum of things for pay?"

Pat and Jerry break jail and start off through the woods to Ciudad Luis where Pat's impersonator is working. While they are on the way the long-awaited revolution breaks out, and their situation grows more desperate at each turn in the road until they are wrongly arrested for the revolting murder of a citizen of Aguilan. Pat and Jerry have an extraordinary knack for getting into dangerous places, but being adept adventurers, they seem to bring a guardian angel along every time. In the end when they are about to be shot as Lopezistas or counter-revolutionaries, the dictator turns out to be the young Princeton man who had hoodwinked Pat on the boat. He pardons them, and this stirring yarn closes with the promise of a union between the P. A. Asphalteers and the heroic republic of Quetzalpan.

Mother-in-Law

"DARK HESTER," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (Mrs. Basil de Selincourt); Houghton Mifflin Company; Thomas Allen, Toronto; \$2.50; 300 pages.

BY HORACE BROWN

VAUDEVILLIANS have always made light of the mother-in-law. Their cruellest shafts have always been sped in that direction. And somehow we have always been ready to laugh heartily at any discomfiture attained by mother-in-laws.

Only a woman could have written a story like "Dark Hester" around the age-old conflict between a mother and her daughter by marriage, and written it sympathetically. And only a writer of the calibre of Miss Sedgwick, who is endeared to many through her "The Little French Girl," could have taken a psychological study of the whole question and made of it an intensely readable book. There is little plot to "Dark Hester," other than a sufficient carrying thread. Yet after the first three or four puzzling pages the reader is caught in an eddy of conflicting emotions. These emotions are just as conflicting and sustained when the logically happy ending is reached.

Monica Wilmett is not an old-fashioned woman. Miss Sedgwick happily realized that to have made her Mid-Victorian would have been fatal. No, Monica is a pleasant mixture. She has all the subterfuges of the old-fashioned lady and nearly all the open-mindedness of the modern girl. She must keep up pretence when her heart is breaking, but when she realizes she is hopelessly in the wrong she does not allow her pride to overcome her sense of what is right.

Then there is Hester—"elle est bien trop noirex." Hester is the girl who marries the son Monica worships. Hester is very modern, very dark, very mysterious—to Monica. She says what she thinks; she keeps nothing back; she



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is as honest and as uncompromising as the day is long. Both women are to be admired with few reservations.

It is natural that the two generations should clash. Monica does not understand that Hester is a very shy, sensitive girl under her brittle exterior; Hester cannot know that Monica is jealous of her because she believes that Hester has stolen the love of her son. Neither one wishes to be the first to make the move toward friendship, yet each subconsciously loves and admires the other.

Things might have remained at such an impasse had not Captain Godfrey Ingpen appeared. Monica and he fall in love at first sight, as only the middle-aged can. But the Captain has been Hester's lover. Monica is horrified when she finds out, and tells her son, but Hester has foisted her, for she had confessed to having a lover on the day of their marriage. Monica contemplates suicide because she thinks she has made her son hate her. Hester saves her prosaically, the Captain fades away out of their lives, and Monica welcomes her daughter by marriage to her heart.

This is not a story where a reader can play favorites. The characters are at one time so lovely and so base that there is no time for idle heroes. Everything centres on the outcome of the struggle, on the hope that mother and daughter will finally see the beauty of the other's soul.

A skeleton of a plot, but every mother-in-law and every daughter-in-law will feel uplifted by the reading of this book. It will explain so many things . . .

A Sailor's Mystery

"BLAIR'S ATTIC," by Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman Lincoln; McClelland and Stewart; Toronto; \$2.00.

By JEAN GRAHAM

THE world that loves an entertaining story has been familiar for years with the name of Joseph C. Lincoln as a writer of sea stories of the Massachusetts coast. Freeman Lincoln, the son, contributes to the interest of this narrative—which is supposed to be told by several persons, who see the "mystery" from different

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points of view. The tale is one of lost treasure and has the historic charm of that subject. As is customary with the search for lost treasure, there seems to be a curse which follows the search. Many and harrowing are the tragedies which befall the bold sailors who seek the wonderful treasure. Finally, one who is not a sailor at all, is successful in his attempts to solve the mystery—and thrilling, indeed, is the secret which Blair's Attic discloses. Mr. Lincoln nearly always has a spinster character of distinction—shrewd, witty and a wonderful cook. This time it is Miss Iantha Hallett, who, at the early age of seventeen, became "extra hired help" in the household of old Captain Freeland Blair of East Orham. Iantha is an unfailing feast, with a heart of gold and a loyalty of steel. Iantha goes through almost incredible adventures, but emerges with head unbowed. There is, of course, a love interest, with dainty Maid Marian and her lucky sweetheart playing a romantic part—with due approval from Iantha. The treasure, itself, is a most wonderful affair—something like Kipling's "Nanialka," and we hope we shall behold it some day in the city it now brightens—none other than dignified New England Boston.

In Bohemia

"RED SILENCE," by Kathleen Norris; Doubleday, Doran and Gundy, Ltd., Toronto; \$2.00.

THE first successful novel by Kathleen Norris was "Mother," the chronicle of a somewhat dirty but very comfortable household. This latest work of fiction from an author who seems to write one novel a year, at least, is, in some respects, like "Mother." The heroine, Dory Garrison, is a young person of easy virtue who has a love adventure of a sordid type with Bruce Macgowan whose wife is mentally afflicted. Dory flees into California where she becomes a member of the Penfield family and straightway wins the affections of the eldest son of the household. Dory becomes Mrs. Jerd Penfield; and then Mr. Bruce Macgowan returns in the most awkward fashion, and Dory despises him. How the complication is finally smoothed out to the satisfaction of all concerned is deftly described by the author. The Penfield family is much like the family in the first novel untidy, incoherent, and affectionate to a painful degree. Jerd proves an unusually complaisant husband, and altogether Dory seems to be one of those extremely clever young women who eat their cake and have it. Mrs. Norris has an easy narrative style which makes her stories of ordinary people pleasant reading. "Red Silence" is of her standard type.

LORNE PIERCE is engaged on the authorized life of Bliss Carman. If any readers possess original letters, or have any first-hand reminiscences of the poet, he will be much obliged if they will communicate with him at 233 Glen Grove Avenue, West, Toronto 12, Ontario.

The Woman Question

"CHRISTINA AND I," by Arthur Stringer; the Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$2.00.

IN THIS book, anyone who has read Mr. Stringer's former volumes will meet with a surprise. His more recent works of fiction have dealt with the life of hard toil, in such stories as "The Prairie Wife," "The Prairie Mother," etc., rather uninteresting tales of dreary folk. In this story—or rather series of dialogues—Mr. Stringer presents to us a highly sophisticated person in Christina, who discourses to her brother-in-law on the subject of woman's nature, her rights and wrongs, and her ultimate destiny. Christina is decidedly unconventional, even for this topsy-turvy age, but we should not be surprised if she ended as the mistress of a good old-fashioned household and even became secretary of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. The conversations are decidedly piquant, and the man in the dialogue must have found his young sister-in-law an entertainment, if not an inspiration. Of course the comparison with "The Dolly Dialogues" of about thirty years ago is inevitable. But Anthony Hope wrote a more brilliant book than "Christina and I"—one that is more subtle and poignant. Mr. Stringer's book will probably be forgotten in twelve months. Anthony Hope's "Dolly" will be smiling and dimpling for several decades to come. Nevertheless, "Christina and I" is an amusing bit of clever talk and show the writer's versatility.

Gossamer

"SPRING," a novel by Sophia Cleugh; The Macmillan Co., Toronto; 298 pages; \$2.00.

By L. L. FORBES

MRS. CLEUGH has well named her novel Spring for it has all the liveliness and buoyancy of that delightful season. Its pages are filled with the doings and plottings of the young members of that charming English family the Dunstables. They breeze through its pages making life exciting for their elders. Mrs. Cleugh is at her best and most whimsical. The scene is laid in Italy—a very good place for a romance. From that irresistible "knight errant" Sweet William "who has arrived at the stirring age of eight years" and is always on a quest, to His Eminence, the charming and understanding Alessandro, Cardinal Borghetti, there is not a dull character. At sixteen and a half Gilliflower is very much "Miss" Dunstable, and gives promise of a strong minded and capable maturity. Indeed Cousin Hugo might well have had a little more of that young lady's forcefulness.

Add to the Dunstablers a very beautiful Contessa named Giulietta Amorosa with a dragon mother, a very astute and wealthy young Italian, an irresponsible young American from Boston (also possessing a strong minded mother), arrange a marriage *de convenance* and throw in a crook and a priceless Andrea del Sarto, and you have all the ingredients for a high class romance.

The author has that light airy touch that gives you confidence that she will eventually extricate the lovely Giulietta Amorosa but how—

The jacket cover tells us that "Mrs. Cleugh has spun another charming gossamer tale." Quite true, that is just what she has done and very readable it is.

LORNE PIERCE is engaged on the authorized life of Bliss Carman. If any readers possess original letters, or have any first-hand reminiscences of the poet, he will be much obliged if they will communicate with him at 233 Glen Grove Avenue, West, Toronto 12, Ontario.

MISS MAZO DE LA ROCHE and Miss Caroline Clement, who spent last winter in Italy and the summer in England, have taken a house in Devonshire and will not return to Canada until next summer.

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Whom the Gods Love

"A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRONTES," by K. A. R. Sugden; Oxford University Press, Toronto; 120 pages; \$1.50.

By E. J. PRATT

THE main reason for the writing of this volume is to present a precise biographical record to offset the legends which in the short space of seventy years have grown up about the life of the Bronte sisters. There is no intention of assessing the literary importance of their work, or of analysing the stories. The account is factual throughout. "It seemed that there was possibly room for a slim, handy, frigid work, in which the details and events of the career of the Bronte family should be set out in order, without much embroidery or many theories, but containing most of the information now available, given in due proportion."

Although the chief interest obviously centres in the careers of Charlotte and Emily, the story, beginning with the father's Incumbency of Hartshead and soon after Haworth, follows the birth, growth, discipline and death of every child of the family, with the most sombre projections. The death of the mother occurred shortly after her marriage; the two eldest daughters died, the one at ten, the other at twelve years of age; Branwell, the only son, virtually a suicide through drugs; then Anne, Emily, and Charlotte following each other with tuberculosis before they reached middle life. For environment physical and psychological, it would be difficult to discover anything more conducive to gloom than the Bronte situation. The parsonage faced a landscape covered with a multitude of grave-stones, a few upright and ornate, but most of them flat and black. . . . The sweep of lonely moorland, grim slopes covered with coarse reeds, dark pools, and clumps of heather and bilberry, stretching out impossibly to the west. The vicarage garden led into the churchyard, and scarcely a day passed without a reminder in and out of the house of the presence of death.

The three sisters sought some escape from the intolerable monotony by accepting positions away from home as governesses of girls' schools. It was "hard labour from six in the morning till near eleven at night, with only one half-hour of exercise between," and Charlotte describes her pupils as—"riotous, perverse, unmanageable cubs." They gave up their positions in order to start schools of their own, and to this end Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels to the Heger Pensionnat, controlled by M. Heger and his wife. Heger impressed Charlotte as a "little black being with a face that varies in expression. Sometimes he borrows the lineaments of an insane tomcat, sometimes those of a delirious hyena; occasionally, but very seldom, he discards these perilous attractions, and assumes an air not above one hundred degrees removed from mild and gentleman-like." Explain this impression as one may, Charlotte must have been fond of feline appearances for very soon she fell violently in love with him, and on her return to Haworth she began a most hectic correspondence. "I have never heard French spoken but once since I left Brussels — and then it sounded like music in my ears—every word was most precious to me because it reminded me of you—I love French for your sake with all my heart and soul."

The author relates the adventures of the sisters into the literary world. They published under the pseudonyms of Currer (Charlotte), Ellis (Emily), and Acton (Anne) Bell. The secret was kept very close for years, and though at first, bitter disappointment attended all their efforts, *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, and *Villette* aroused critical attention and achieved a considerable market, in spite of generally unfavourable reviews of which the following twaddle, taken from the Quarterly, is a typical illustration. "We have said that this book portrays a heart entirely lacking in grace. That is, in our opinion, the great, the horrible defect of *Jane Eyre*. It is true that she behaves well and displays great moral strength, but it is the strength of a soul which is utterly pagan and a law unto itself. We do not find in it a single trace of Christian grace. It has inherited the direst sin of our fallen nature, the sin of pride.

It has pleased God to make *Jane Eyre* an orphan, without friends, without money, nevertheless, she thanks nobody—least of all her friends. It is an anti-Christian work." Charlotte lived long enough to realize the public appreciation of her work, but Emily died without any recognition of her genius, and it took men of the critical stamp of Sydney Dobell, Matthew Arnold, and Swinburne to prepare the present generation for an adequate estimate of a book like *Wuthering Heights*, which, for imaginative intensity and its white core of lyrical expression, surpasses anything achieved by her more acclaimed sister.

Pirate and Hydrographer

"WILLIAM DAMPIER," by Clennell Wilkinson (Golden Hind Series); London: John Lane, the Bodley Head; Pp. xii, 257; illustrations and maps; \$3.75.

By W. S. WALLACE

THE Golden Hind Series of biographies of great English explorers has already won for itself golden opinions. Seldom has a series of books by different authors reached such a uniformly high level. Not only are the volumes most attractively printed, illustrated, and bound, but they are all written with grace and distinction. Without descending to the methods of the new school of movie biography, they are calculated to capture the attention of the general reader, and yet at the same time they satisfy the requirements of the professional historian. Not a few of the volumes contain entirely new material, and thus supersede everything on the subject which has preceded it. One need instance only Mr. Powys's *Henry Hudson*, which, as a result of diligent research, unearthed many facts about the great discoverer of Hudson Bay which had hitherto been unknown.

The latest volume in the series deals with the fascinating life of William Dampier, the explorer of Australia. Dampier is a figure about whom far too little has hitherto been known. He comes midway between the great explorers of Elizabethan England, and the scientific sailors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He had, consequently, some of the characteristics of both groups. In the charming portrait of him by Thomas Murray in the National Portrait Gallery, he is described as "Pirate and Hydrographer." During his younger days he spent several years among the buccaneers of the West Indian Islands, and became a person of some consequence among them; but he was also a friend of some of the leading scientific men in England at the end of the seventeenth century; and it is significant that when the government of William III decided to make a "voyage of discovery" to the South Seas, they chose William Dampier to command the expedition in H.M.S. *Roe-buck*. Dampier explored the coasts of Australia and New Guinea, and very nearly demonstrated the insular character of the Australasian continent. A keen observer, his account of his discoveries in Australia is one of the most interesting and valuable in the whole range of the literature of travel.

Unfortunately, Dampier, through no fault of his own, lost his ship, and on his return to England he was court-martialed. Mr. Wilkinson gives now the first full account of Dampier's trial. Most of the charges against him were dismissed, but he was found guilty of harshness toward one of his subordinate officers, and was pronounced by the court-martial to be "not a fit person to be employed as commander of any of Her Majesty's ships." The verdict, however, did not apparently mean much, for a year later we read in the London Gazette that "Captain William Dampier, being prepared to depart on another voyage to the West Indies, had the honour of kissing Her Majesty's hand, being introduced by His Royal Highness, the Lord High Admiral."

Dampier was the last of those dauntless and lawless sea dogs who first carried the English flag around the world, and he was the forerunner of the great Captain Cook, and the other hydrographers of the eighteenth century. He deserves a good biography, such as, curiously enough, he has hitherto been denied, both in the *English Men of Action* series and in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Now Mr. Wilkinson has made full amends in a book which is a model of its kind.



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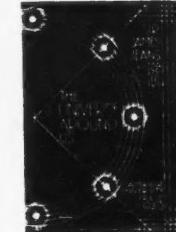
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